JOHN BULL, JUNE 23, 1934

FREE 25/- BIRTHDAY GIFT FOR EVERY READER SEE CENTRE PAGES

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LV.
1462.

JOHN BULL

Dentists recommend

Odol tooth paste

Start using Odol to-night and your teeth will be whiter to-morrow. Brush your teeth with Odol twice every day and they will be whiter still in a week. If you do this when you are young your teeth will still be white when your hair is white too. Odol not only cleans — it cleans *between* the teeth; it penetrates and protects against decay.

Odol contains Peroxide — to keep your teeth white; it contains Chlorates — for strengthening the gums; and Para-Esters, the finest antiseptics to keep white teeth yours.

IN TUBES, 6d. & 1/-

Garland

for a Carefree Holiday

MAYBE your annual holiday is now drawing near, or perhaps it is not until later in the year. Anyway, decide right away that when it does arrive it is going to be a *carefree* holiday. When you close your front door, do so with confidence that those precious possessions that mean *home* to you will be protected against the numerous risks to which they are subject, such as Fire, Storm, Flood and Burglary. All you have to do is to sign the forms below for JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift, which covers you, your family and your home not only at holiday time but all the year round.

In addition, JOHN BULL pays Benefits for Sickness and provides handsome benefits for Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, Boating, Bathing, and for Children's Accidents.

Remember, no other paper in this country covers you and yours against Sickness and provides Benefits for Fire, Storm and Flood damage. Moreover, no other paper adds a 10 per cent. Bonus to benefits paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more. JOHN BULL alone offers these exceptional advantages.

Sign the forms below to-day . . . there's no time like the present.

HOLIDAY CONCESSION.

Registered readers of JOHN BULL continue to be covered by the greatest of all Free Family Insurance Gifts while on holiday in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands or the Isle of Man, for a period of fourteen days. The only condition is that in the event of an application arising, they will be required to show that they purchased JOHN BULL while on holiday and that before leaving home they left instructions with their regular newsagent to restart delivery immediately on their return.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 23/6/34

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 23/6/34

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

A SQUARE GUARANTEE

A TINY INSTRUMENT DEAF!

OUR 30-DAY TRIAL will convince you that the VERAPHONE is the best-by-test of all hearing aids for the relief of Deafness. Quite safe, non-electrical, practically invisible. No batteries or wires or any other attachments. Used by professional men. Write, 'phone or call for BOOKLET and details of TRIAL OFFER. Consultations 9–6.

VERAPHONE CO. 16 Triumph House, 189, Regent Street, London, W.1.

'Phone: Regent 5630

DON'T BE MISLED by Bath's Buildings LOOK BEST LAST BEST yet they Cost Least.

Compare Size, Style & Price. LIST POST FREE

BUYS from 22 6 or 1/6 monthly.

Free Delivery

Hexagon Rustic House, 5 Sec., or 9/- monthly.

Summer Houses £7 10 s. 27/6

Shelter Sheds from 37/6 or 2/6 m'thly.

BATH'S 5-7, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

BUY YOUR BIKE WHERE IT IS MADE

YOU SAVE MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS

59/9

OR 1/6 WEEKLY

SAVE at least £1 by buying at bedrock factory price, direct from the actual manufacturers. A superb British-made Cycle, fully equipped with accessories can be yours for 59/9 or only 1/6 per week. Equal to anything sold in shops at £3—10—0. Sent carriage paid on 7 days free trial and guaranteed for a lifetime.

SEND FOR BIG FREE CATALOGUE

It contains a wonderful range of Lightweights, Touring models, etc., at prices that will amaze you. Tyres and all cycling needs at unbelievably "cut" prices. CHEAPEST IN BRITAIN. You really can't afford to miss this wonderful book. It's a real eye-opener. Write for your copy NOW and see what you save by dealing direct with Factory.

WRITE NOW

MOORHOUSES,

Dept. 48, PADIHAM, LANCS.

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the Shadforth "Bladder Comforter." Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief. Say N Now!

Shadforth Prescription No. 235.

Price: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 12/- (300).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Limited, (Dept. J.B. 2), 48, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4.

NERVOUSNESS

A Remarkably Interesting Book on Nervous Disorders Sent Free to All Sufferers!

If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, "Inferiority Complex," or any similar nerve-weakness, stop wasting money on useless drugs, etc., and let me show you how to conquer your nervousness before it conquers you! An absorbingly interesting book, describing a simple, inexpensive, drugless home-treatment, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope upon receipt of 3d. to cover cost of postage, etc. Write NOW, and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. J.B.7), 48, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

'JOHN BULL'S' VALUE 3D

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

Cash the Coupons

GREAT PEN OFFER

Relief From Pain Within 3 Minutes

After the First Dose—Sustained Increasing Benefit After Every Further Dose.

RENIPAS (The 3-Minute Remedy) ACTS LIKE A MIRACLE in cases of RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, and all kindred troubles. HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, and other pains vanish as if by magic.

INSOMNIA—One powder will give a full night's refreshing sleep, even though you have not enjoyed this for years. RENIPAS Guaranteed Powder is the result of seven years' scientific research by a fully-qualified Doctor (M.D.), who guarantees it contains no injurious drugs, Poison, or any other Narcotic and DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART. Renipas is NOT a One-Drug Remedy; it is compounded of several ingredients, solid and liquid, the formula being in accordance with approved medical and scientific principles. It is similar to a physician's costly prescription, plus the chemist's charge every time made up.

Renipas is supplied to Doctors, Nurses, Hospitals, Institutions, etc.

FREE Although you may consider your case hopeless, yet RENIPAS will not fail. Send two stamps for FREE PACKAGE.

8 powders 1/3, 16 2/-, 32 3/-, 96 11/-. From your local Chemist. If any difficulty post free from The International Chemical Association (Lab. No. 29), 69, Fleet Street, London.

50 Big Holiday Cheques for "Bullets"—See page 39.

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a 15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

FROM 3/11 CASH or TERMS

Chas. T. Robey Ltd. CYCLE WAREHOUSE, 249 24, COVENTRY

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

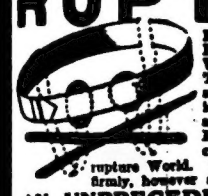
This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/6, carriage 1/- ex., we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prideotial" Brumolette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 20 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns; Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thereby purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. *Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.*

9/6

J. BODGSON & SONS (J.B.) Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

FREE BATHING APPLIANCES For Home and Sea Bathing.

RUPTURE



NO BALL OR OVAL-FRONTED PADS TO PRESS INTO AND WIDEN THE BREAK.

This new Appliance does away with understraps. It is scientifically designed and fitted with the famous Bluden pads, which have completely revolutionised the rupture World. The Rupture is held gently but firmly, however strenuous the movement.

AN UNPRECEDENTED OFFER.

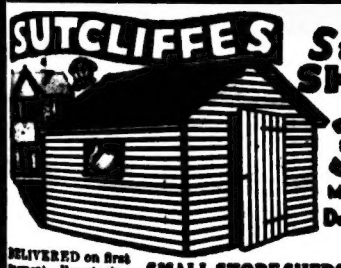
We ask you to try the Appliance and you need not pay a penny until you are satisfied that it does all we claim. You are the sole judge.

Test it before you pay!

If insured, obtain through your Approved Society. Secure a Belsize APPLIANCE FREE. Write or call.

BLUDEN SURGICAL APPLIANCE Co. Ltd. (Dept. 3230), (9/15, Oxford Street, London, W.1. Manchester Branch: 6, John Dalton Street.

SUTCLIFFE'S Store SHED from 3/4 MONTHLY



Design Z.H.

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections; only the best value, rail carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied free. (Floors extra.)

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 20/-

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash or 12 payments.
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£1 15 0 3/4
7ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	£3 15 0 5/6
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£5 15 0 9/11

Send for Free Catalogue, Sheds, Summer Houses, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Aviaries, &c.

T. & H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 82, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms—40-42, Oxford St., W.1.

PRICES:
26 ins. to 34 ins. 10/-
36 ins. to 42 ins. 12/6
Postage 4d.

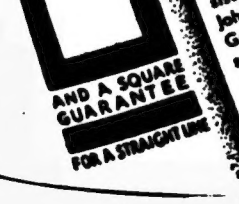
These belts are a safeguard against all abdominal complaints. Prevents that 'dragging-down' feeling and has a good uplift. Every man or woman who has had an abdominal operation should wear one of these belts. They are so comfortable, simple to fasten, have leather protected supports and elastic sides. For other styles and outsizes write for price list and measurement form. Free.

A Customer writes:—"*Belt has given me great relief and I feel better in every way.*"

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

LONDON SURGICAL COMPANY (Dept. R.11), Craven House, 121, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

ONLY RELIABLE

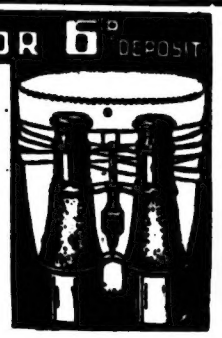


Traders are permitted to display their goods in John Bull's "Shop Window," and those of any other type are consistently rejected. John Bull's staunch Guarantee of a square deal or money back covers every purchase for one month after an advertisement appears.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

YOURS FOR 6D DEPOSIT

RACE, FIELD OR MARINE GLASSES
£5/5/- Value for 32/6
Wonderful Stock Clearance Bargains.



Powerful Binoculars by "Lumiere." Extra wide view. Great magnification. Time of church clock can be distinctly read 5 miles away. Fitted in saddler-made case. Send only 6d. Deposit and 6d. for postage for 7 days' free trial. Balance 2/- fortnightly until 35/- is paid, or cash 32/6 only. Write for Fully Illustrated List of Glasses by Zeiss, Goerz, Ross, etc., etc., all on equally attractive terms.

J. A. DAVIS & Co. Dept. J.B.134 94-104 DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.5

FULL SIZE BED CHAIR 16/6

PAT. SPRING SEATS TURNED LEGS

or 1/- weekly.

Polished rich nut brown. 3 soft velvet cord cushions any colour. Carr. and pack. England and Wales 2/6. Call or send for new coloured Catalogue 7. Cheques, reg. letters, crossed P.O.'s.

BOTH WITH SOLID OAK FRAME

BED SETTEE

Converts in a moment into comfortable bed, 41in. wide. Spring seats, turned legs. Carr. and Pack. Eng. and Wales 3/6.

35/- or 2/- weekly

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD., 52, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

START ON THE FINEST SPARE TIME MONEY-MAKING SCHEME —HAVE £2-5 EXTRA WEEKLY

OFFER OUR 6d. DOUBLE VALUE CLUB CARDS

Here is a wonderful opportunity to **earn big money all the year round**—offer to your friends and workmates—our **6d. Double Value Club Cards.** These can be exchanged for full value in goods as shown in our beautifully illustrated art coloured catalogue.

£500 CASH PRIZES WEEKLY

Our Cards sell at sight. Please note, **we cater for every member of the family.** Footwear, Clothing, Household and Fancy Goods, Watches, Clocks, Sports, Games, Toys, etc. All goods are guaranteed.

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The Amprico method of paying **liberal commissions every week** is very popular amongst agents. In addition, there are **special agents' bonuses** and postages are allowed. **Free Competitions for Agents and Weekly Club News.**

No previous experience is required.

Start now to make money. Write for complete details.

AMBLER, PRICE & COLE, LTD. (Dept. J.B.) Amprico House, ACTON LANE, LONDON, N.W.10.

READ THESE

Dear Sirs,
My many clients who received goods last Saturday were amazed at the excellent condition and fine value that they received.
Yours faithfully,
W. J., Norfolk.

Dear Sirs,
Many thanks for your cheque for £10 which I have received quite safely and promptly. I must say I am very pleased to have come in contact with such a sporting concern as the "Alpha Trade Exchange."
Yours sincerely,
W. H., Nottingham.

AND THESE

Dear Sirs,
I have to-day received your cheque for £10 in payment for my winning claim. Please accept my thanks for cheque and for prompt attention.
Yours faithfully,
A. J. W., Streatham.

Dear Sirs,
I have great pleasure in writing this letter telling you how pleased I am with myself for taking up an Agency with your firm. It is far superior to any. I must say I have not had one complaint in regard to goods.
Yours faithfully,
J. H., Worcester.

COUPON

Please send me details explaining how, as your Agent, I can make substantial sums in my spare time, also forward me your Illustrated Catalogue.

NAME .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)

.....

Post in unsealed envelope (½d. Stamp). J.B 23-6-34

TILETEX and PAROLEUM

The ideal coverings for damp floors!

Make any old damp stone, concrete or wood floor cosy, dry and comfortable by laying PAROLEUM or TILETEX, the ideal floor covering. Guaranteed waterproof and rot-proof. Simply lay it down—it lies perfectly flat, without fastening in any way. Many patterns to choose from.

90 Sq. Ft. for 15/-

Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls 2 yards wide. *Send for samples and full particulars post free.*

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS, Sutherland Square, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17

DON'T WEAR DRAINPIPES!

MANUFACTURER'S SPECIAL SUMMER OFFER

SEMI-OXFORD FLANNELS

18, 20, 21, 22, 23 or 24 bottoms, Silver, Med. or Dark Grey. Waist 30-46, Leg 27-36. 44 to 50 in. waist 1/- Extra. Well cut and made from tested Flannel with belt loops, side straps, front cash pocket, usual side pockets & buttons inside; permanent turn-ups. Please state waist, inside leg and width bottom required.

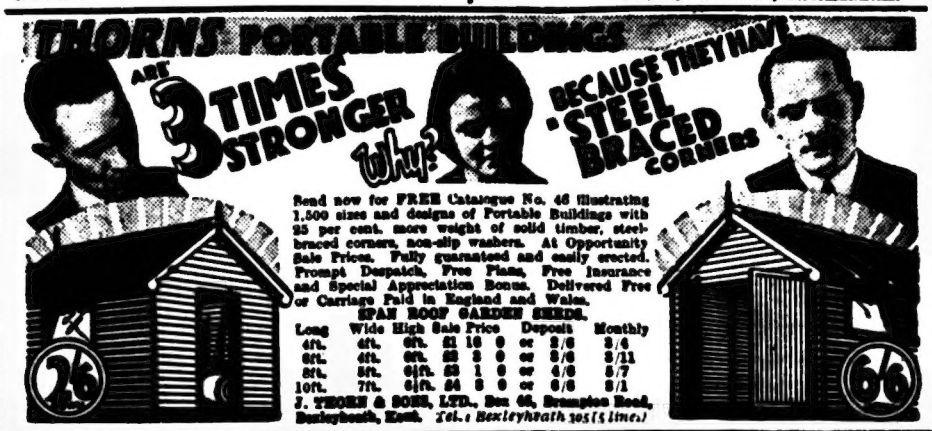
5/6 Post 6d. ex. or C.O.D.

Only to Purchasers of Flannel Trousers.

St. Margaret's Woollen Slips over. Blue, Maroon, White, Grey. 1/6

THE FLANNEL KING (Dept. J.12), 130/134, Heath Road, TWICKENHAM.

THORNS PORTABLE BUILDINGS



Send now for FREE Catalogue No. 46 illustrating 1,500 sizes and designs of Portable Buildings with 25 per cent. more weight of solid timber, steel-braced corners, non-slip washers. At Opportunity Sale Prices. Fully guaranteed and easily erected. Prompt Despatch, Free Plans, Free Insurance and Special Appreciation Bonus. Delivered Free or Carriage Paid in England and Wales.

SPAN ROOF GARDEN SHEDS.

Long	Wide	High	Sale Price	Deposit	Monthly
4ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£1 16 0	or 3/6	3/4
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2 3 0	or 5/6	5/11
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£3 1 0	or 4/6	5/7
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£4 5 0	or 6/6	8/1

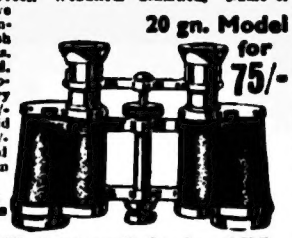
J. THORN & SONS, LTD., Box 46, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent. *Tel.: Bexleyheath 305 (5 lines)*

YOURS for 3/- DEPOSIT

PRISMATIC FIELD GLASSES

Exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars By Lumiere, Paris. 8x Magnification Wide View Screw and Eyepiece Focus Bending Bar Damp and Dust Proof. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with Slings. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. If satisfactory Balance payable 5/- monthly until 75/6 is paid or cash within 7 days 75/- only. Fully Illustrated List of Field and Prism Glasses Post Free.

20 gn. Model for 75/-



DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 128), 94-104, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London, S.E.5

This FASHIONABLE SPORTS SHIRT 2/-

Just the thing for Holiday wear, Sport, Hiking, Camping and River. Well cut and made with the smart POLO COLLAR AND SHORT SLEEVES.

All latest colours, fast for washing. All sizes. 2/- *Post 3d.*

Another Bargain! Finely made Interlock Athletic Underwear, Sleeveless Vests, and Shorts, with elastic waists. Beautifully soft, and ideal for sensitive skins. Either garment each 1/- *Post 2d.*

Send NOW and secure these bargains. Satisfaction or money returned.

ELVICK & CO., 395/397, Commercial Road, London, E.1.

1/- DEPOSIT SECURES THIS 18CT PLATED DRESS HUNTER

Undoubtedly one of the most handsome watches of the 1934 Swiss Exhibition. To its credit 7 "ancre de precision" medals stamped on extra inside dust-proof case. Highly polished 18ct. plated, modern chased case, incorporated to prevent wear and scratching. Thin and neat for dress and everyday wear. Unbreakable inside glass. Accurate Geneva lever movement. Timed, tested and guaranteed 10 years. Sent for 1/- down, balance 1/6 fortnightly until 25/- is paid in all. Cash or within 7 days 23/6.

AIRCRAFT WATCH DISTRIBUTORS (Dept. J.H.I.7), 87, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. *(2nd Floor, opposite Gaiety).*

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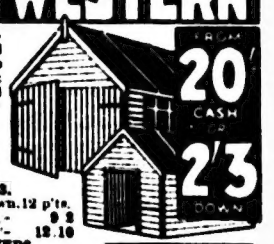
Garages from 70/- or 5/- down. Made from seasoned timber. All buildings have double strength timber at corners. Planed rebated weatherboard, not feather-edge.



STEEL BRACING 6° EXTRA

SUPER GARAGES. Cash. Down. 12 p'ts.

10ft. x 7ft. ..	100/-	5/-	9 2
14ft. x 8ft. ..	140/-	7/-	12 10

SUPER GARDEN SHEDS. Cash. Down. 12 p'ts.

6ft. x 4ft. ..	35/-	2 6	3 1
8ft. x 5ft. ..	55/-	4/-	4 11
10ft. x 7ft. ..	75/-	4 9	7/-

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. 1929 L.td. Imp. d., Hurlingham Rd., Fulham, S.W.6. Ful. 1121 (5 lines)

BABY-CLOTHES

DON'T TROUBLE ABOUT MAKING BABY-CLOTHES — IT DOES NOT PAY — LET ME SUPPLY A COMPLETE LAYETTE FOR 30/-

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long clothes

73 delightful garments (for Summer or Winter Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Winsey, Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Winsey Nightlee, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Binders, Trunk Sets, Turk Napkins, etc., etc. A recent Purchaser writes: "No wonder I have heard such praise of your baby-clothes. The layette just received is really wonderful. A genuine bargain I myself shall recommend."

Expectant Mothers! SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J.B. HOWARD 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

I AM THE largest direct supplier of the finest COVENTRY BUILT Cycles in this country, and offer you the widest choice at much below usual prices. Carriage Paid. An ELECTRIC LAMP, BELL, CARRIER & REFLECTOR will be given with all cycles, FREE OF CHARGE.

Write for Free Lists.

FROM 3/11 CASH or TERMS

Buy O'Brien, of COVENTRY

"I always think

kindly of that friend who first induced me to smoke Craven "A" .... *They please and satisfy.* They have flavour and freshness. And they are so smooth and cool that the man, or woman, who smokes them *avoids all risk of Throat irritation.* Ask any smoker of Craven "A" if what I say is more than they deserve. *Then try them!*"

CRAVEN "A"

100% PURE VIRGINIA CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

WHAT A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE THE CORK TIP MAKES!

Pure natural Cork, Hygienic and Waterproof; prevents sticking to the lips and staining of teeth and fingers; binds the Cigarette-end firmly and keeps it dry, ensuring a cool, *clean*, sweet smoke.

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

For week ending Saturday, June 23, 1934. Twopence Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Telegrams: Heroically, London.

PUBLIC FRIEND No. 1

BY what new and practical methods can JOHN BULL discharge its duty, as the national home journal, to the multitude of readers whose confidence it has sought to deserve and whose loyalty it has won?

Week by week that question is ever present with those who, in directing the public mission of JOHN BULL, have the privilege of performing that wider obligation which is due to the unwavering faith of its readers in their paper.

Clearly, the duty can be best discharged and the trust of our readers best recognised by Service—personal and friendly service in the form of guidance and counsel such as is provided by no other organisation, or which, if available elsewhere, is only to be obtained with difficulty, cost and, often, unnecessary disclosure of intimate affairs.

This week is the twenty-eighth birthday of JOHN BULL. It is indeed a happy birthday thought to know from our readers themselves that JOHN BULL is looked upon as a time-tested friend, a friend in a million, to whom they can all turn. They buy JOHN BULL, they say, because they believe in it, because it has become part of their lives, become woven into the very fabric of their faith.

For these expressions of loyalty and trust we tender simple gratitude. Our reward has been great.

WHAT more could any journal seek than that its readers should write and speak of it as "Our Paper," and to know that it has never consciously made a foe of any citizen who abhors injustice, deception, or the subjugation of the public welfare to private and selfish interest?

JOHN BULL'S record of endeavour to justify its place as the family friend and counsellor is not by any means to be found wholly in the pages of its 1,462 weekly issues.

The bulk of our effort to strengthen the bond between reader and paper has, in fact, been successfully achieved quietly and unostentatiously when our readers have consulted the Free Advice Service of "John Bull" in their hour of uncertainty or difficulty.

Nigh three million of them have done so and been satisfied and comforted. Three million! The achievement might seem to be almost incredible to anyone who has not witnessed or sought benefit from this magnificent service.

Yes, three million separate problems—never less now than 200,000 a year—each stated by a reader who has possibly given up hope of finding a solution, and every one adequately, courteously and as promptly as possible solved and answered by a member of a corps of professional experts. For long it has been acknowledged to be the best and most comprehensive organisation of its kind in the world.

BUT through the work of the Free Advice Service one fact stands out. It is that in the preliminary and personal consideration of their problems, people are hindered because nowhere can they easily find any clear definition of the law as it affects them and their particular troubles.

And nine out of ten everyday problems in the affairs of life, although not strictly legal in themselves, have at some point a definite legal bearing. It is clear, therefore, that there is wide need among the people for a practical "home lawyer."

It has for some time past been the intention of JOHN BULL to meet this public need as a further and important contribution to its ideal of ever-better service to the community. Now, after a long and careful preparation the purpose has been realised.

To-day, to celebrate its birthday, "John Bull" invites all its readers and their friends to accept a free gift—the world's latest and finest guide to everyday legal problems—the Universal Home Lawyer—an entirely new work, worth at least 25s., the most valuable reference book of its kind ever compiled.

The great work has had to be prepared, of course, by a team of eminent authorities in every department of the law, but it has been designed and shaped to cater simply and exhaustively for what the unequalled experience of JOHN BULL and its Free Advice Service has proved to be the essential needs of every citizen.

From A to Z—the work is alphabetically arranged—throughout its 600,000 words and 800 pages it will be found that somewhere and at some time the Home Lawyer impinges on the life and social relations of everyone.

Perhaps the best commendation of the gift that can be made to our readers and their friends is that it will certainly be used in the family and workplace as an adjunct to JOHN BULL and its Free Advice Service.

It makes complete the work of this journal and its organisation to protect the public against known or suspected deception or fraud, to fight and fend for them when their reputation or property is threatened by trickery or bluff, and to unravel the problems, delicate or complicated, which they place before us in confidence.

THE immense work which Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs publicly performs as chief of the Investigation Department of JOHN BULL has been recognised by the courts and the police.

But the published results of his vigilance and knowledge represent only a small part of the activities of himself and his department. Only the countless people to whom he provides advice and instruction by post so that they can be freed or sheltered from roguery and imposition are aware of the magnitude and thoroughness of his efforts.

Every reader who applies for a copy of the Universal Home Lawyer will be presented also with a unique brochure—a blacklist of swindles specially compiled, with cautionary notes, by Sir Wyndham Childs.

If the readers of JOHN BULL, old and new, do not find in the Universal Home Lawyer and this supplement an invaluable complement to the services of Sir Wyndham Childs and the other free work done for them by our resident solicitors and barristers and experts, they will never find it elsewhere.

JOHN BULL is proud to be able to make this birthday gift to its readers and their friends—to place a plain-speaking lawyer in all their homes.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

We've Had Enough of the Breach of Promise Girl!

Bad Employers to Jail

Bumbledom at its Worst

She shou.d no longer be allowed to use the law's big stick to make him marry or pay up

WE hope there will be no more breach of promise cases like that which was brought last week against a wealthy circus proprietor.

We shall say nothing about that sensational affair except that it brings to a head the whole problem of breach of promise law—a question which should receive the early and careful consideration of Parliament.

Quite frankly, we share the view—referred to by Mr. Justice Swift—that an engagement is a sort of trial before marriage, and that people should be allowed to end it if they find they are not happy with each other.

The big stick

We cannot find any reason why a man should be forced to embark on what promises to be a miserable marriage or be mulcted of heavy damages which may cripple him for years.

Quite apart from last week's case, it is not difficult to see how the law may be used as a big stick to bludgeon a man into marriage or paying up by methods that are little short of blackmail.

Before or after?

"Even though we shan't be happy together, you must marry me or be shown up and made to pay me a small fortune," is—in effect—the attitude adopted by some engaged girls.

Yet who can doubt the truth of Mr. Justice Humphreys' remark, "If young people realise they are unsuitable for each other it is better they should realise it before instead of after, since in these days unhappy marriages end in the divorce court."

We are convinced that if the law relating to breach was made more stringent there would be far fewer divorces and less unhappiness.

Amazing cases

Moreover, the law is brought into contempt when a woman is awarded £75 against a man for failure to marry her—even though she admits having lived with him for fourteen years!

Yet that is only one of the sordid breach cases which have been successful in recent months.

In another case the woman was awarded only a farthing damages, so little did the jury think of her action. We say that the court's time should not be wasted on such an affair.

Too sympathetic

On the other hand, such extremely high awards have been made in other cases that we are glad that last week Mr. Justice Swift warned the jury against being too sympathetic.

The present situation is so absurd and so open to abuse, indeed, that we believe every fair-minded woman would like to see an end to it.

Certainly our young people should "think twice" before becoming engaged. But if they are unhappy, the man should not be made to choose between the altar or the court.

Slavers are busy

We advise Sir John Gilmour, the Home Secretary, to heed the White Slave warning given him by the Women's Co-operative Guild.

These mothers from the depressed areas have seen many of their neighbours' children set off from home to take up domestic service in London, only to be ensnared in this traffic.

Their advice is not a protest from some society of cranks. It is a cry from the hearts of mothers who have seen the toll of ruin.

Motherhood's problem

His colleague, the Minister of Health, should note the appeal for £50,000 made by the National Council for Maternity and Child Welfare to carry on its splendid work.

By scrapping Mr. Arthur Greenwood's plans for saving the lives of mothers and babies he has made the problem far greater. Isn't it time he realised that such economy is false economy?

Left to die

And what a ghastly revelation of official stupidity was given to the public last week!

At a meeting held to protest against the widespread malnutrition, a teacher told how a little girl was allowed to die while the education bigwigs were arguing whether the sickly children should be given milk or cod-liver oil.

Peril

The same teacher testified that 20 per cent. of her class were suffering from rheumatic fever or cholera.

Distinguished speakers told of the tragic peril to the mothers of the future through the present under-feeding. Half the ill-health of children could be prevented, said another, if only they were properly fed.

Whitehall listens—and does nothing.

Incredible harshness

But the economaniacs of Whitehall have their willing imitators throughout the country.

At Hucknall, in Notts, a councillor has complained that an old-age pensioner and his invalid son have been deprived of relief by the county authorities; so, after paying rent, they have only 3s. 10d. to live on.

Then a young man, just out of a sanatorium, was given a grant to buy medical necessities; but that grant, too, has been stopped.

"Worse than Bumbledom," remarked the councillor. Unfortunately, we shouldn't be allowed to print what we think about it.

Is bravery foolish?

After episodes of that sort, it was refreshing to hear of a man who seeks to preserve life rather than destroy it.

But the wife of Mr. E. H. Arthur, a sixty-two-year-old Chester man who has saved thirty persons from drowning, says he "ought to be locked up for trying to commit suicide."

We expect she's proud of him really. And we'd rather lock up the people who make other folk take risks.

Why not?

We would jail those employers who make lorry drivers work such incredible hours that they fall asleep over the wheel and kill either themselves or other people. We'd jail them, besides, for inhuman under-payment.

Still, we are glad that Mr. J. H. Stirk, chairman of the East Midland Traffic Commissioners, has adjourned applications for licences until the employers agree to pay at least £2 for a proper working week.

That's one move in the right direction.

Broken lives

But lorry drivers are not the only ones whose conditions of slavery threaten their own lives and those of others.

A boy of sixteen in the East End of London has on many occasions worked nineteen hours a day in a bakery.

Starting work at 8 a.m. Delivering bread and doing odd jobs through the day. Going into the bakehouse at 7 p.m. to break eggs and give general assistance until 3 a.m.

Breaking eggs is an easy enough job, but so is the breaking of young lives which are made to carry out such a daily programme as this.

Shameful

In some London bakeries there are men working for more than 100 hours a week. And we are told by a trade union leader that a boy of sixteen worked in a bakehouse from 11 p.m. until noon the next day. He was allowed breaks between two and three, and nine and ten o'clock.

The employer was fined £2. We know what we would like to do with him in the "breaks" between two and three and nine and ten.

Birds of a feather

Perhaps as good a method as any other would be to lock him up in a room with William Prentice, of Canvey Island, Essex.

This man has been convicted three times for cruelty to horses and birds. A few days ago he tied a dog up in his garden, beat it with a thick stick, and then, when the animal was too weak to stand, gave it a final blow which broke the stick.

He was fined £10 or two months. What a fine time he and the baker would have in the same cell!

Where's justice?

But if all magistrates were like those in East London there'd be no one at all in the cells.

In a district of 300,000 inhabitants there are fifty justices, and rotas of seven are drawn up to do the work. Yet only one J.P. turned up at West Ham Court the other day.

For nearly an hour the time of all those present was wasted while a frantic search went on to find another magistrate to form a Bench. Were the justices so tired of Justice?

The Clergy shirks

Most of our clergy, too, are shirking their duty.

They are refusing to carry out the new law which makes it possible for marriages to be consecrated up to 6 p.m. They say this clashes with a Church law, though the Archbishop of Canterbury advises them to ignore the latter until it can be put right.

We have little respect for parsons who quibble about affairs of this kind.

Very serious

And though we have some respect for Dean Inge, we are just amused by his complaint that our desire for sport links us with the Stone Age.

"Civilised people," he says, "spend their leisure solemnly playing at what to the savage is the serious business of life—hunting, fishing, fighting."

Well, it's because we are civilised that we have time to play. But we hope that it is only Dean Inge who plays "solemnly."

Baffling

At Salford, the stipendiary told a motorist who had an accident while under the influence of drink that his licence wouldn't be suspended, as it was his livelihood.

At Manchester, a taxi-man who was charged with the same offence—though he had not had an accident—was disqualified from driving for two years and sent to prison for two months.

Both sentences can't be just.

Skimming the cream

We hope the Ministry of Health will note the blunt warning of Worthing's medical officer, who has found injurious bacteria in samples of ice cream.

So lax is the law, he points out, that the authorities are helpless and must accept whatever conditions the makers care to offer.

This monstrous situation should be remedied without delay.

Cleared up

We criticised recently the Rev. J. V. Joyce, who was reported to have said that he believed his prayers for dogs would be more readily answered than those for human beings.

He assures us, however, that he did not make this statement. We are very glad to hear it.

They've gone

Exit the "Murky Milk Combine," the group of dairy companies who sold dirty and watered milk in the suburbs of Essex.

After our repeated exposures, the local authorities embarked on a drastic campaign against them, the last remaining principal of the concerns was recently convicted and fined, and now the premises he occupied have been finally closed.

Behind the Bars

We note with satisfaction, too, that William John Beane, a bookmaker, has been sent to prison for eighteen months on serious charges of fraud.

We exposed this racing rogue in December last.

The Fragrant Minute

GLORIOUS PROMISE

YES! You will reap as you have sown. A glorious promise, not a threat! And while you struggle on, alone, 'tis well you don't forget. For it will strengthen you and aid (these words were never meant to chill), and should you grow, at times, afraid, then exercise your will and read the promise o'er again. Whisper its words to your own heart. "A harvest soon of goodly grain, since I have done my part."

Yes! As you've sown so will you reap—the love of friends, respect of all, a conscience that permits sweet sleep when evening shadows fall. The power to see there is much beauty in this dear world despite the murk; the gift to find real joy in duty and constant zest in work. Yes! you will reap as you have sown. Oh, glorious promise, not a threat! And while you struggle on, alone, 'tis well you don't forget.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

UNDER a Hoodoo

—the most baffling mystery of our everyday lives

probed by

Andrew Soutar

the famous novelist

IT is all very well to smile down your nose and talk superciliously about the "superstition of the ignorant." All right. Call me ignorant, if you will, but I do believe in what is described as a hoodoo.

And I shall presently advance a theory that may startle you into writing a letter to your bishop—or the police!

I was never more sincere in my life.

We speak glibly about "good luck" and "bad luck." Even the Church uses the expression. If there is such a quality as good luck, or bad luck, how can you pooh-pooh the suggestion of a hoodoo?

All life moves in cycles. Seven years. There comes a period in your life when everything seems to go wrong and you cannot ascribe a reason. You have conformed to every known conventionality: you have played the game (let's put it in simple language).

But one trouble succeeds another, the whole world is out of joint so far as you are concerned. Death, tragedy, financial disaster! They seem to gather themselves together so that they may break your spirit to the surrender. You set your back against the wall, but it is of no avail. Friends say to you, easily and carelessly: "Think of Job, old man! He got out of his troubles in the end."

Sympathy is so cheap—isn't it?

The closer you examine the circumstances the more perplexed you become. What's the cause of it all?

"There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Disaster descends

WHEN plague and pestilence affected the native tribes of old, the witch doctors were called into conference. They came to the conclusion that there was some member of the tribe whose existence was inimical to the community as a whole.

The devil was exorcised! We, with our superior intelligence, called those witch doctors pagans.

What do we say of the Christus when he came into the country of the Gadarenes, cast out the unclean spirit that was torturing the mind and body of man, and transferred it to the swine?

Some years ago I went very closely into this problem of good luck and bad luck. In a certain country district in the North I made friends of the farmers. They were prosperous. The seasons were good, life was good. Then, one day, another farmer arrived in the district.

From that day the era of prosperity began to wane. In two years, one farmer lost the whole of his capital. The crops failed. Stock died off. He came to me one night and there was a revolver in his coat pocket. He was certain that the new arrival was responsible for the bad luck.

Another man took that farm, a highly intelligent fellow, who knew his profession from belly to boots, as the saying goes. Within six months he was declared bankrupt. Three other farms became derelict.

And men in other walks of life also stumbled into disaster.

In one house there was illness, strange noises in the dead of night, uncanny foosteps climbing up and down the stairs, mysterious whisperings.

Like a black cloud blotting out the sun, the hoodoo overshadows a man's life . . .

The maid-servants wouldn't stand it: they left—there was horror in their eyes. Financial affairs went wrong. One couldn't do anything right.

There was a hoodoo in the district. I don't mind telling you that I myself experienced a series of misfortunes for the origin of which there was no accounting.

Then I began to trace the history of the new arrival in the district. I was satisfied that association with him was sufficient to account for the dark cloud that had settled on what was formerly a prosperous community.

At last, driven to desperation, I quitted the district and the sun burst through the clouds immediately: I felt a wave of relief sweep over me as I motored away for the last time.

Now for my theory!

Have you ever been in a crowded room and marked the entrance of a man or woman whose very entering seemed to clarify the atmosphere and make you feel happier? That's personality. Have you ever been horribly depressed by the entrance of someone, a complete stranger to you?

Murderous thoughts

THERE is a type of man and woman who exude malevolence. They need not speak or make any physical action. They spread disaster by their very presence in the locality.

They kill with their thoughts!

When I have been arguing along these lines, people have said to me that my theory is fantastical. I reply that radio—broadcasting—has completely modified the whole of my scepticism in relation to most problems. You are sitting alone in your study. You become depressed for no reason that occurs to you. Or you become elated. You can't hear the sounds that are coming through the ether and the walls, but they are there. If they could be amplified—if your aural faculties could be intensified—you would hear them.

And sub-consciously those voices and sounds depress you or elate you.

Job, of course, is a classic example of courage, but what are we to do about these other disseminators of "bad luck"? The witch doctors in pagan times had a word for it, but we musn't repeat it or we shall get into trouble.

Now, let me infuse just a word or two of cheeriness into this depressing theory of mine.

In this life we have to take the rough with the smooth. Courage is the first and most commendable of human qualities. Luck may run crookedly for a period, but if you beat down the feeling that you are "marked"—if you shut your ears to those whisperings of despair that come over your shoulder in the darkness—if you switch off the invisible, the noiseless radio in your room, you will come out on top. "All you can say about luck," said Bret Harte in one of his greatest stories, "is that it's bound to change."

I believe in it

AND, finally, I would tell you to read again those words of Cassius when he was inciting the noble Brutus to rebel against Cæsar:

"Men at some time are masters of their fates—
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves that we are underlings."

Yes, I believe in the Hoodoo, as it is called. And I believe that I am right in my theory about its origin.

What do you mean when you speak of suicide by suggestion?

And what is meant by that Americanism: "Brotner, you've given me a happy thought"?

The NATION, Free

A contingent of London fascists mobilised recently to attend a meeting in Manchester, there to be addressed by their leader. Here they are marching to Euston station, where a specially chartered train awaited them.

CONFUSION and perplexity abound in the public mind in consequence of recent somewhat bewildering events associated with the attempt to foster the spread of Fascism in Great Britain. Apprehension has been accentuated by the culmination of a series of strange happenings in the exhibition of terrorism at what was announced to be an open meeting for the propagation of the Fascist doctrine at Olympia, London.

All these occurrences manifest a menace to the right of public assembly. The menace, I am convinced, would be speedily and effectively ended if prosecution was made under the Public Meeting Act of 1908 of every person, no matter what his political faith—Tory, Labour, Fascist or Communist—who behaves in a disorderly manner to prevent a meeting taking place or the speeches from being delivered or heard.

E amination

Straight examination of the pretensions of Fascism in this country and the removal of distortion of its concepts and purposes is now made possible by two unequivocal and remarkable statements, following the Olympia outrage, by the leader of the movement, Sir Oswald Mosley.

"I promise you," Sir Oswald broadcast to the country, "that we (the Fascists) will continue to preserve law and order."

No individuals or private bodies can, with impunity, arrogate to themselves the preservation of law and order. When an attempt is made to do so it is at once regarded by those who think differently as a provocative challenge and it becomes, in fact, an invitation to opponents to test whether or not the individuals or bodies assuming this power are really capable of performing what they boast they will do.

Sir Oswald Mosley cannot be allowed to usurp what is exclusively the prerogative and responsibility of the police organisation of the country.

Next, Sir Oswald has asked the public to believe, to use his own words, that free speech in Britain has been abolished by hordes subsidised by Moscow gold and carrying weapons never known in England until the ghettoes were emptied on our shores.

I have not the slightest sympathy with the Communist thugs who attend public meetings to prevent free speech, but I do not believe for one moment, and Sir Oswald must surely know that it is a spectre of his brain, that interference with the freedom of speech has any more to do with Jews than with Christians.

It is fair to ask two questions regarding the real intentions of Sir Oswald Mosley and the constitution of the Fascist force which he commands. One is whether he really desires free speech in the true meaning of the phrase. It is prompted by the evidence that the display of Fascist domination does not seem to be possible without the creation of disorder, and that, without the provocation of scenes in public, the Fascist society will not obtain the publicity upon which its leader apparently believes that it will best thrive.

The other question is modest and relevant, because Sir Oswald Mosley so emphatically insists that opposition to his methods and ambitions is inspired by alien influence and backing. It is—From what source does Sir Oswald procure the obviously large amount of funds necessary for the recruitment and maintenance of a Fascist corps in Britain?

Until answers are given to these two questions the public will be justified in regarding the function and constitution of British Fascism with doubt, if not with suspicion.

I have been asked if the Fasci organisation in this country and t threat it implies to the existi political system is more formidab than is generally imagined, or if t public should regard it complacent and as a "stunt" which will pa into obscurity.

The only chance

The Fascist cause will not succe in Britain unless we have one of t things—either complete inactivi on the part of the Parliamenta body at a time when the majori of citizens believe that Parli mentary action, properly directe would provide a remedy for th nation's ills, or, conversely, very e treme Parliamentary action beli taken without the support of a su stantial majority of citizens.

In either of these cases I think possible that the people wou demand that the Parliamenta régime should end. What Parli ment frequently longs for, and longing for to-day, is a statesman sufficient character and courage know his own mind and to ta definite steps towards his objectiv and any such statesman would fi that Parliament would be only t ready to give him the opportunity carry out his intentions.

But I see no reason whatever suppose that dictators have prov themselves better able to find a sol tion to their nations' problems th even an irresolute statesman und the Parliamentary system.

The most valuable thing we ha

Homely Wisdom—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

ONE SLIP

A SAD case of mixed mental and moral trouble has just been submitted to me. A man getting on in years and held in respect in his circle gave way to temptation some time ago and did something not quite honest.

The scale of the offence was small and resulted in no great harm to anyone but the offender himself, who has been lowered in the esteem of colleagues who formerly looked up to him. Kindness and forbearance were shown him at the critical moment; for, had matters been pushed to extreme, he would have been disgraced in a more public manner among people who only half-knew the facts or heard of them in a distorted way.

Even as it is, whispers detrimental to his reputation may be going about, and he can do nothing to counter them or defend himself. He feels sensitive about this, and as though he were smirched in the company of acquaintances from whose silence he can learn nothing.

There was some malice in the treatment he received when his petty misdemeanour was discovered. It was reported to his superiors and magnified by one from whom he had a right to expect kindness instead of cruelty. The shock of realising how little friendship was to be depended upon to show mercy upset him greatly, and has resulted in permanent ill-effects to body and mind.

But what depresses him most is the memory of the fault itself. It has poisoned all his outlook on life and cast a dark shadow over all his thoughts and feelings. At times it almost makes him cherish the idea of suicide—a dangerous state for any man to get into who is capable of strong affection and high principle as this man undoubtedly is.

He should put a firm stop to all that at once by facing the truth about himself in a new and braver spirit.

The greatest moral teachers warn us that pride is at the bottom of most of the depression we endure when we have done wrong. We do not like having to admit to ourselves that we behaved weakly and foolishly; we hate being humiliated in the eyes of others who previously thought better of us than we deserved.

This mood must be resisted; it is quite deceptive; our true state is known to God alone; no human being can judge us aright; and in the long run it is what we are in the sight of God that will count and will establish our place in the regard to our fellow-men.

There is no man living to-day who has not good reason to thank God for being preserved from fatal mistakes. There are might-have-beens in every career that would have ended in unhappiness if wiser and cooler heads had not exercised restraint in time or been content to bear with folly and self-will.

Someone has said that young people are like sleep-walkers. They take terrible risks without knowing it and escape a crash as by a miracle. The same is true of many older people.

Therefore I would say to this man: Pull yourself together; never mind what others think of you; recognise your own solid worth and take care that it is never put to shame again.

Speech and the BLACKSHIRTS

—An Indictment of the New Terrorism

by

Sir William Jowitt

the former Attorney-General,
in an exclusive interview
with JOHN BULL

Left to us in our country to-day is freedom—the completest freedom of thought and speech which any reasonable person could desire. We do not realise how great is the blessing that is ours. I have been in Fascist countries and have always found that before people will express an opinion to me they must first look around nervously to see whether they can by any chance be overheard.

I do not believe that the Parliamentary machine is a perfect mechanism, or that there are not methods by which its procedure could be improved and brought up to date, but I do believe that the genius of our race lies in its ability to work democratic institutions and in its insistence on the right to discuss the pros and cons of any question affecting its welfare.

When, as under Fascist rule, questions affecting the public weal are not permitted to be openly debated and discussed, they become the subject of much more serious forms of controversy—brawling and fighting. It is essential to recognise that no policy or measure is in itself good or bad. It is only good or bad in so far as it has the support and approval of a large number of citizens, and the only method by which it can be assured of support is by making it possible for its terms to be understood and its principles appreciated. This happy condition can never belong or be applied to ukases put forward by a dictator.

There has been an unfortunate tendency to leave to one particular political group—the Labour Party—the task of checking the spread of Fascism by un-English methods, and in making known to the public its real meaning and its dangers to democracy. It it necessary that all the recognised parties should join together to defend the Parliamentary régime and to ward off threats against the Constitution and the political and social system from whatever quarter they may come.

From my knowledge and experience of the Labour Party it is, I am satisfied, completely untrue to suggest, as Sir Oswald Mosley so freely does, that the Labour Party publicly repudiates the interruption and spoliation of political meetings, but privately encourages the practice.

Sir Oswald Mosley knows well that, if he is disturbed, it is only by the acts of a handful of Communist gangsters who bite easily at the bait of provocation dangled before them by himself and his black-shirted troops. He is also well aware, notwithstanding the attempt to confuse the public on the responsibility for hooliganism, that the Labour Party has suffered far more than the Fascists or any other political faction from Communist-organised disturbance of its meetings. The Fascist tactics and objects, now so clearly revealed, make plain the necessity that all parties should collaborate and co-operate in the endeavour to thwart them and educate the public regarding them.

It is a commonplace among those who have had experience of political elections, and I have fought many, that no greater service can be rendered to an opponent than by raiding and destroying his meetings. And no one knows this better than Sir Oswald Mosley himself. I remember six or seven years ago, when he was favouring the Labour Party with his support, that he fought a bye-election at Smethwick, near Birmingham, and then openly proclaimed that every interruption and act of hostility towards him was worth a hundred votes.

"The most valuable thing we have left to us is freedom . . . . we do not realise how great is the blessing"—Sir William Jowitt, the former Attorney-General.

Utter silence?

Yet, while I disapprove strongly of unreasonable interruption of public meetings, I cannot for a moment accept the principle that the audience should be expected to listen in complete silence or, as Sir Oswald Mosley apparently expects, that interruption should be limited merely to expressions of their approval and not their disapproval.

Reasonable interjections are part of the give and take, are, indeed, the salt of politics, and a clever speaker should be capable of making capital out of these interruptions instead of having, in the Mosley manner, to eject opponents by violence and assault. Our traditions and liberties would soon become poor things if the Mosley precepts and practices were observed to reduce political meetings to something akin to the performance of an oratorio.

The nature of the methods used by the Fascist organisation, as exemplified at Olympia, to deal with people who dare to interrupt Sir Oswald Mosley, or to protest at the brutality of his followers, creates a need for new legal consideration of these happenings. I need hardly point out that if any person interrupts a meeting, however unreasonably, and is ejected, only such force may be used against him as is necessary to secure his ejection. If greater violence is used, the injured party has a right of action for assault against the individual who committed the assault. But in the turmoil of a Fascist meeting, at which the stewards act in concert and all wear similar uniforms, it would be difficult if not impossible for the aggrieved person to identify his assailant or assailants. This is an entirely new aspect of political demonstrations.

I am of opinion, however, that if a person so ejected could show that the system of dealing with interrupters was part of an organised scheme involving the use of spotlights to pick out the victims and stewards armed with canes and batons—all of which was the case at Olympia—he or she would be able to recover damages against the organisers of the meeting who were responsible for the introduction of such methods, even although he or she could not definitely show who the actual persons were who caused the violence.

I do not suppose that a jury dealing with the case of a Communist who went to a meeting to make himself a nuisance would be easily persuaded that excessive violence had been used, and, even if the jury was so persuaded, it would not be likely to measure the damages with a generous hand.

Salutary

But in the case of an assaulted person who made a proper interjection at the meeting or who was moved to protest at the violence he saw being committed against other members of the audience—as occurred at Olympia—I can see that a jury might be easily persuaded that the force used was excessive and return a substantial verdict against the organisers of the meeting.

A few such verdicts would, indeed, prove a salutary check to the methods by which Sir Oswald Mosley is seeking to realise his Fascist aspirations in this country.

It is necessary with this development of political practices in Britain to examine also the position of the police. The police have the power of entry to any meeting or assembly if a breach of the peace has been or is clearly about to be committed, but they cannot enter any private premises or meetings without the request or consent of the proprietor or promoters merely in anticipation of a breach of the peace. In fact, a meeting on private premises is in exactly the same position, so far as police entry is concerned, as a private house.

I have been informed that in cases where trouble has been provoked at Fascist assemblies in Northern towns the police, without permission or request, have entered the meetings, ordered the stewards to leave or cease their work, and have themselves discharged the duties of the stewards throughout the rest of the proceedings.

I doubt whether, as the law stands at present, such actions are regular, and it is the reports of these events which have undoubtedly caused the misunderstanding that seems to prevail regarding police powers and procedure.

Take powers!

In the public interest it is desirable, even necessary, that the scenes and incidents which took place at Olympia shall not be allowed to occur again anywhere in the land. They were such that if the Government seeks further and greater powers for itself and to confer them upon the police to prevent possible repetition, I, for one, am disposed to agree that they should have what extra powers they want. And if a public inquiry, at which the events at Olympia and elsewhere could be investigated, would be of use to ascertain the real nature and cause of these disorders and how best to prevent them in future, let such an inquiry by all means be held.

I desire that everybody in this country, including Sir Oswald Mosley and the Communists, shall have the opportunity to place their cases before the public and to exercise the right of free speech. But that right will not be long preserved if it is senselessly exploited by the doctrine of force and hooliganism.

"... I don't know the first thing about medicines. I simply trust my doctor and leave the rest to Boots ..." And that is the wisest thing she could possibly do. Boots test and re-test all their own raw materials to standards which are Boots own standards—stricter than law or custom demands. And remember, panel prescriptions are made up at Boots with the same speed and accuracy that a Harley Street specialist would expect. Next time the doctor gives *you* a prescription

GET IT MADE UP AT

The Boots Chemists

CVS—85

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Nottingham

Hannen Swaffer's *Open Letter to* KREISLER

Get On to the AIR!

MY DEAR KREISLER,—Even your great concert on behalf of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund was, in spite of its enormous success, almost useless in comparison with the aching need.

You crowded the Albert Hall. You paid a tribute to your great friend, Elgar, "the last of the great romantic composers," as you call him. You did all you could. And yet it was only a drop in the bucket.

The Government seems quite satisfied. It declared, a few weeks ago, that there were fewer than 3,000 unemployed musicians in England, whereas the Musicians' Union immediately replied that the number was at least 20,000.

You are one of the lucky ones. Never was so much money made by instrumentalists of the front rank. Never was the want so deplorable among the rank and file.

Gramophones have made the fortunate musicians rich beyond the dreams of avarice. They have taken their music into the humblest homes, at so much a record in profit to themselves. More than that, they have advertised them in a new way. For their music is now famous to hundreds of millions before they ever see them in the flesh.

Yet at the same time, another part of the Machine—the Wireless and the Talkies—has swelled the ranks of unemployed musicians into a mighty army, for whom there is no hope.

And, as I can see it, under the present system, things will get worse and worse. The rich will get richer and the poor will get poorer.

* * *

You are not to blame. You are a man of character. You share with Paderewski a pinnacle of fame on which he became a great diplomatist, whereas you were offered, after the war, the post of Austrian Ambassador in New York—yes, and President Harding said you would be "persona grata."

Elgar wrote his great concerto for you, and you have played it all over the world. Your fame increased his, and his yours.

I, who have met you, know you to be a man of extreme culture and with the broadest of humanitarian sympathies. You, like millions of others, were swept into the war against your will.

You had been here only a few months before it started. Then you found yourself a cavalry officer, fighting on the side of the Kaiser and his dreams of world conquest.

Your hands, a pair of hands so precious that you are not allowed to box with them, or ride, or play tennis or golf, no, not even conduct, were made to use a sword.

* * *

Then you were the first of our so-called ex-enemies to return to England. There were no racial antagonisms that one could detect. Your Queen's Hall audience was enthusiastic. John McCormack had to cancel his first concert, because he had attacked England during the war. You were forgiven. John rather made a muck of things, in his impulsive Irish way. You could not help it. You were just dragged in.

You are one of the world's great musicians who have refused to broadcast. You declare that people have to *see* you. You are afraid that disturbance in the atmosphere, or a faulty valve or battery, might make you appear to be a bad player.

There are more musicians who say that sort of thing than even the vast world of wireless listeners knows.

A British composer declared to me, the other day, that only popular music should be heard on the air! It was an insult to Brahms and Bach and Beethoven, he said, to allow people to sit dully in their drawing-rooms and kitchens, knitting and talking, or playing Bridge, half listening and half not.

"There is something spiritual about great music," he declared. "Besides, even perfect broadcasting kills the finer tones, the shades. . . ."

I argued with him. I said it was better to give the public good music in an inferior way than that they should remain ignorant of the works of music's great minds.

He did not understand that his own ear was perhaps a hundred times more acute than mine. What to him was a grave imperfection would remain unnoticed by me, and by the great majority of people who want great musicians like you to "get on to the air."

Well, because you agree with the composer, you will remain, to the vast world of music-listeners, except on the gramophone, only a legend and a name.

A shameful story has been circulated that your refusal to broadcast is dictated by financial, not æsthetic, reasons. It is not true.

I would like them to know of you, those who do not, how you have sought to work for peace, how you loathe war in all its forms, how you carry with you the message that when people understand each other, then there can be no quarrelling.

* * *

Anyway, yours is one of the great proofs of the fact that, in the highest ranks of any profession, you must be something more than just a member of that profession. You have to have a mind, and a mind cannot be confined just to one branch of thought or one branch of activity.

Well, times change. When you appeared in London over thirty years ago it was on Mafeking Night. So great were the crowds that you could not reach the hall until three-quarters of an hour after the concert was to have started. A poor musician, you arrived in the agonies of nervousness to find the hall empty. Even then, you were the first one there! The audience was celebrating a victory.

We have moved on, since then. We have learned that even the victories are defeats. We thought then that war was glorious Now, all of us, except the armament manufacturers and Diehard parsons and, the silliest of all, the people in the Primrose League, know that it is the world's greatest crime.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Dr. HENSLEY HENSON,
Bishop of Durham

MY LORD,—I welcome your trenchant attack on the Church's extravagance.

Though it is cutting down the semi-starvation stipends of its clergy on the sea of bitter poverty, yet it is planning to spend enormous amounts on three new cathedrals.

It is not by such "ornaments" that the Church will regain the public favour it has lost, and parishioners all over the country should protest against what you rightly describe as the Church's "expenditure on religious luxuries."

JOHN BULL.

Dr IAN HAMILTON,
London, W.2

DEAR GENERAL,—"Go on improving arms" you advise us, "go on preparing to kill babies, and you will put an end to the wars of the future."

What nonsense! Greater armaments would produce greater insecurity and make war more likely.

Let's go on saving babies!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. COHEN,
Cheetham, Manchester

DEAR SIR,—At the spot where your boy was killed many children must pass on their way to school, yet no policeman is stationed there.

"Nothing will bring back my loss," you said, "but it will make me feel a little easier if my loss is the last one at this spot."

Yes, the police should respond at once to your pathetic plea. Let me recognise, on the other hand, your noble sympathy for the driver who unavoidably robbed you of your son.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman Mrs. E. C. GOSSAGE,
Birkenhead

DEAR MADAM,—You went to see the conditions under which the public assistance committee pays relief.

You found 2,000 people crammed into a yard designed to hold 400. Water was being rushed to those who collapsed in this Black Hole. And yet the committee has premises near that could be adapted at little cost.

Keep on fighting until this iniquity in the name of economy is removed.

JOHN BULL.

ARTHUR RICHMOND,
Dringhouses, York

BRUTE,—Into a cardboard box, considerably less than a foot square, you packed forty-six chickens "like sardines in a tin."

Yet the magistrates fined you only 10s.

I'm not sure which amazes me more—your shocking cruelty or their shocking leniency.

JOHN BULL.

The COUNCILLORS,
Painscastle, Radnorshire

GENTLEMEN,—Do you know that it's your job to protect the public health in your area?

Eighteen months ago the pump that is the only source of water in the village was condemned as unfit. Nothing since has been done to supply pure water, and the villagers have to pay a toll and actually cross into the next county to get their supplies!

Get a move on.

JOHN BULL.

AUSTRALIAN TEST TEAM: Bradman paid entrance fee for out-of-work miner to the Test, you started fund for his family. Well played!—JOHN BULL.

QUEEN MARY'S HOSPITAL,
Carshalton, Surrey

GENTLEMEN,—Your rules do not permit visitors under sixteen. This means that little Leonard Bridges will have to wait three years before he can see his paralysed brother Arthur, of whom he is so proud and who has been awarded the Scouts' V.C. for courage in suffering.

Why not look the other way? Nelson did.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN TWIGG,
Alford, Lincs.

DEAR SIR,—"I'm sorry it landed on the police station" you said when the rotten egg you intended for a bowling green went amiss.

I'm not, for it got you fined £2. And I trust it has taught you that throwing things from aeroplanes is not the kind of skylarking we can tolerate.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. FRANCIS BOURN,
New Cross, London

DEAR SIR,—You have the unique fame of being, at the age of 102, a centenarian who does not utter sweet words about the delights of old age.

"I often wondered what it felt like to be very old," you say. Now that you know you complain "it is misery, misery, wanting to do things and not being able to."

If you could see some of the things lots of old people do to-day, you would be considerably consoled!

JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Stone, Staffs

GENTLEMEN,—You told a witness wearing flannel trousers and a sports shirt that you preferred not to hear him and would disallow his expenses, though what difference his taste in dress could make to his accuracy I can't imagine.

Are you dispensing fashions as well as justice?

JOHN BULL.

GEORGE SEAMAN,
Sheffield

ROGUE,—Entrusted with the care of £5 by an old and unemployed man, in a lodging house, you squandered much of it on drink.

"It was rather tempting," you said callously. Well, I'm glad you won't be allowed to face temptation again for at least four months.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. LESLIE BURGIN, M.P.,
Secretary, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—I can't understand why you publicly described how whole towns can be plunged into darkness by tampering with electric pylons.

The process is so simple that an idiot could practise it successfully—but why put dangerous ideas into foolish heads?

JOHN BULL.

"MAKES YOU THIRSTY JUST TO LOOK AT IT"

says ***OLD HETHERS***

"There's not another drink so cooling and so healthy as my Barley Water. What do I make it from? My dear madam! Does anyone use anything but Robinson's nowadays?"

BARLEY WATER

made from

ROBINSON'S

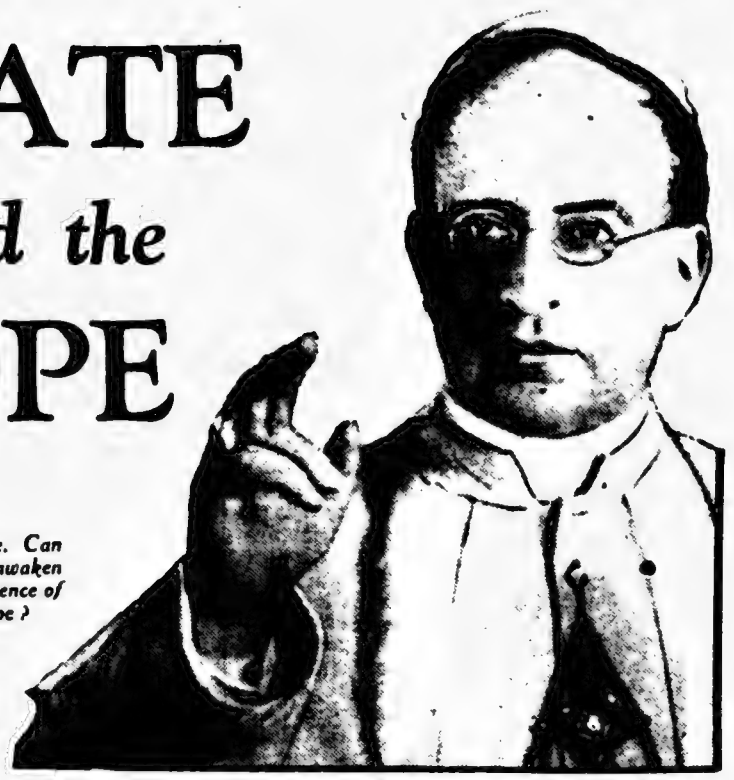
"PATENT" BARLEY

Old Hethers' recipe is on every tin

CVS-130

Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, Primate of the English Church

The PRIMATE and the POPE



The Pope. Can his voice awaken the conscience of Europe?

by A. G. Gardiner

DR. LANG is a courageous man. He showed this, when he was Archbishop of York, by the remarkable Good Friday sermon he preached in New York during the war. He has shown it on many occasions since he became the Primate of the English Church. He shows it conspicuously now in his appeal at the Mansion House to the Pope to give the world a lead out of the wilderness in which it is wandering to destruction.

It is a courageous act for two reasons. It rises above the spirit of sectarianism, which is as great a curse to religion as nationalism is to politics. There are bigots in the Primate's own communion who will resent the appeal as an admission of the supremacy of the Vatican in the Christian world.

And the second reason is that Dr. Lang risks a rebuff from a Church which, strong in its claims to be the exclusive channel of the Faith, rarely co-operates with other religious institutions.

A wreck, still

But he takes the risks in view of a crisis that makes these calculations petty and irrelevant. And I underrate the wisdom and humanity of the present Pope if he does not take the appeal in the large and tolerant spirit in which it is made. If he does that he will, as the Archbishop intimates, do more than anyone else can to mobilise the Christian forces of the world for the salvaging of what is, ironically enough, called Christendom.

If that task is to be accomplished it is clear that it must be accomplished by spiritual means.

It is twenty years since the world collapsed into the barbarism of the greatest war that ever afflicted humanity. It is approaching sixteen years since it emerged from that calamity. In that time the generation which fought the war in its youth has grown middle-aged or old, and the generation that was in the cradle or at school when the catastrophe came has reached maturity and power.

But the world is still a heaving wreck. More than fifteen years of so-called peace have done nothing to restore its shattered hulk and make it seaworthy. The war that was "to make the world safe for democracy" has put democracy in fetters more ruthless than any forged by the despots who have been dethroned.

Freedom is dead over four-fifths of the Continent, and a virulent economic nationalism is producing a state of universal beggary. There is not one nation that does not distrust its neighbours, and the whole earth is overshadowed by Fear. Conference succeeds conference, and one group of statesmen chases another across the stage only to leave chaos worse confounded.

The League of Nations, which was to rebuild human society on a better foundation, is stagnant if not dead. The Disarmament Conference is a phantom in which the breath of life has ceased to flicker. The World Economic Conference collapsed almost before it had met.

Everyone wants peace, and everyone knows that the world is drifting headlong to another war. Europe is spending more money on armaments to-day than it was spending on the eve of the Great War, and it only needs another turn of the wheel of events for the race in armaments to become open and undisguised. Then the tragedy will rush to its inevitable climax.

And yet I repeat that everyone wants peace—everyone, that is, except the armament manufacturers everywhere and the crazy fanatics of the gospel of war that afflict every nation. Even the statesmen want peace. Nothing seems to me more unfair than the impression conveyed in some pacifist quarters that the statesmen are working deliberately for war. They are often incompetent and blundering, but they want peace as much as you or I.

Helpless Christianity

I come back to the Archbishop's appeal to the Pope. The desolating experience of the last fifteen years has shown that the reconstruction of a world worth living in is not an affair of material calculations alone or even primarily.

It is a spiritual affair. We can go on bargaining with this counter and that, measuring this air force against that, propounding schemes and formulating plans; but until confidence is restored we can get no nearer the goal.

And fear can only be removed as the result of a spiritual revival which will sweep over the embattled frontier of the nations and subdue the violent nationalisms that keep Europe in ferment.

Before peace can be established there must be a political accommodation on which peace can rest. But before that political accommodation can be reached there must be a spiritual motive that will lift the argument to a common and a higher plane.

It was the tragedy of the war that organised Christianity was helpless before its impact. I do not suggest that it could have resisted and overcome the madness that had seized the world, but it could have stood aloof from it. It could have presented a united front to a disunited world. It could have held up a common banner above the battle, and perhaps stayed the carnage before Europe was drenched with the blood of ten million dead.

But it did nothing. Nay, it did worse than nothing. For the most part the Churches became openly, sometimes ostentatiously, merely nationalistic institutions, as warlike as any other department of State.

Shattered religion

The Church in Germany did not preach the City of God: it exalted the City of Krupp. The case was not so bad here, and I remember particularly a brave sermon by the Dean of St. Paul's. But even here there were bishops who strutted about in khaki as if they were proud to be associated with the devilish business. And I recall going into a church on New Year's eve in 1916 and hearing a sermon on German "peace traps" and how they were to be avoided.

I do not think anyone can measure the injury which this breakdown of the Churches in face of the war did to the cause of Christianity. It struck deep at the roots of the religious life of the nations. It shattered it in Germany. It made it suspect everywhere.

A common front

Is that injury to be repeated? There was an excuse for the failure in the circumstances of 1914, for no one had experienced or could have anticipated the terrific pressure of that time.

But there can be no excuse for the failure of the Churches of Europe to organise a common front against war since. Their plain duty is to defend the cause of Christianity against the possibility of a repetition of the shame to which it was subjected in the last war.

This duty is the more urgent now that it is clear that statesmanship is failing to save Europe from another plunge into the abyss of war.

A great appeal to the conscience of Europe, voiced by the Pope and backed by the representative heads of all the Christian Churches, would provide the nations with that leadership for which they look in vain to the statesmen.

It might well change the whole direction of events. And it would save the Churches from the stain of complicity in another war, should that calamity come.

HURRY *for the greatest family reference work ever compiled. See centre supplement and act to-day.*

Not from the B.B.C.—John Pedestrian on—

WALKERS' WOES

ONE—two—three—go!
"Cross the Road by the Safety Lane"—
Then, if you're not by a car laid low,
Be a hero and try again!

Stop! Go! Go! Stop!
Choose your moment to make your stride;
With luck (and the help of a harassed cop)
You yet may get to the other side!

Eyes right! Chest out!
Now forge ahead in a manner brisk;
But keep alert for a warning shout—
For, even if right, you run a risk!

Right, left! Left, right!
Spring to attention and toe the line!
Keep your eye on the coloured light—
Or chance your life and a five-bob fine!

Green, red; red, green!
Watch your step and the way you tread!
Don't ask ME what the signals mean!
Ain't it fun to be bloomin' well dead?

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Meanwhile it is anything but fun to be alive since the Ministry of Transport has taken to treating the pedestrian as a naughty schoolboy by giving him "lines." Judging by the results to date, toeing the lines of a so-called "Safety" Lane involves risks such as would never be taken in Mincing Lane and is apt to lead to much more exciting incidents than are provided at Drury Lane.

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What with trying to keep one eye on the white lines, another on the coloured lights and a spare eye on oncoming traffic which may have misinterpreted one or other of the numerous signs, symbols and signals, the pedestrian who begins to cross the Strand is lucky if he doesn't end by crossing the bar.

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One pictures the Weird Experts of Whitehall, like the Weird Sisters in "Macbeth," sitting round a cauldron, adding one strange ingredient after another to their insanely complicated brew:

Bubble, bubble! Toil and trouble!
While the road toll mounts apace,
We our efforts must redouble;
Rules, more rules, should meet the case!
First invent 'em, after state 'em—
Then proceed to complicate 'em!

Twist them, torture and distend them;
If there seems the slightest fear
Anyone can comprehend them,
Add one there and change one here;
Then observe, with joy exotic,
Chaos growing more chaotic!

We who pen the transport saga
Keep serenely on our way;
While pedestrians go gaga,
Motorists with care grow grey,
Further laurels WE can wangle
Disentangling our tangle!

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First invent 'em, after state 'em—
Then proceed to complicate 'em!

Twist them, torture and distend them;
If there seems the slightest fear
Anyone can comprehend them,
Add one there and change one here;
Then observe, with joy exotic,
Chaos growing more chaotic!

We who pen the transport saga
Keep serenely on our way;
While pedestrians go gaga,
Motorists with care grow grey.
Further laurels WE can wangle
Disentangling our tangle!

THE LATEST MODEL IN MODERN CORSETS

Sent at once for 1/-

WITH ORDER.

This latest Ambron Easi-Fit Corset is specially designed for medium and full figures. It fits snugly well down over the hips to give grace of line and the unique cross-over straps give essential abdominal support of delightful ease. It embodies 16 Flexo unbreakable and rustless supports, and six adjustable silk suspenders. Trimmed with Lace and fancy bow. Sizes 24" to 42". In Tea-Rose only.

Sizes and Prices: 24" to 30" 9/11. 1/- With Order, 2/- Monthly. 31" to 36" 11/6. 37" to 42" 12/9, 1/6 With Order. 2/6 Monthly.

EASI-FIT BARGAIN COUPON

Please send me, on approval, a New Ambron Easi-Fit Corset at present Bargain Price. My measurements are:—

Waist..... Hips.....(A)

I enclose.....deposit, with **6d.** postage, and will remit balance either in one sum or by monthly instalments according to scales above. If not satisfied, and I return the Garment at once, unworn, you will refund my deposit.

State Measurements and enclose Coupon with name and full address and Postal Order crossed thus / /.

(Overseas and Irish Free State, full cash only.)
"John Bull," 23/6/34. No. 409.

Post your Order at once to—

AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., 409, Ambron House, 60, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

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Potter's Asthma Cure makes your breathing easy the moment you use it, and gives comfort by day and peaceful sleep at night. It works wonders in Bronchitis, Catarrh and Whooping Cough. Best remedy for Bronchitis of Children. It enables you to go about your daily occupation without fear of a breakdown. Use Potter's Asthma Cure immediately the first signs of an approaching attack are felt. Entirely free from opiates, does not cause headache.

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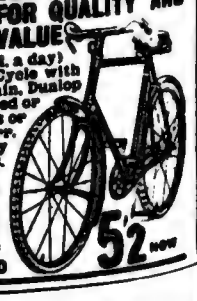

A Million Pound Sensation

Harold Taylor Robinson. Above him is a view of the Potteries. He caused chaos there

The Pottery King with Feet of Clay—

A MAN who has raised hundreds of thousands of pounds from the investing public, frequently in circumstances which call for strong comment, is Harold Taylor Robinson, of Hanley, Staffs.

Some of his investors are people of limited means, whose life savings have gone in concerns which, floated to deal in the manufacture of pottery, crashed in astounding circumstances.

"I put my little nest egg, which had been saved up for old age when I could no longer work, into this company," one man writes "I was over-persuaded by the flowing accounts of safe dividends.

"My hopes have been smashed. My money is gone, and I am too old to save any more."

This poignant lament from a Stoke-on-Trent reader is typical.

In dealing with the calamity he mentions it is necessary to hark back some years to the time when the "Five Towns" made famous by Arnold Bennett, and the Potteries in general, were agog with excitement.

Man of the moment

The general situation was that the pottery trade was in the depths of depression.

Thousands of workless walked the streets in slow and melancholy procession, and despair could be found round every street corner.

Pottery companies that had been established when Queen Victoria ruled a prosperous land were now feeling the pressure of hard times, in fact some of these companies were beginning to crack under the strain.

It was at this critical period in the history of the Potteries that Harold Taylor Robinson, a small china manufacturer, stepped out of obscurity into the full glare of publicity's searchlight.

Here at last was the man who was going to bring back prosperity to the pottery towns of Staffordshire; at least, that was the general opinion and hope of the more confiding populace.

But the old master potters who had grown grey-haired in the trade shook their heads doubtfully. They knew Harold Taylor Robinson, and they figured it out that complicated methods of high finance would not mend the cracks in the pottery trade.

Buying them up

However, Robinson, with a recklessness that more than one official has condemned, decided that he was the man to put prosperity back into the Potteries.

He started a campaign to buy up concerns that had fallen on hard times.

His methods at first were simple. He acquired a more or less derelict business and floated it with enlarged capital. He often made himself managing director with a high salary.

He began by buying a distressed concern called the Cauldon Place Works, which were then in the hands of a Receiver, and another business known as Brown Westhead, Moore and Co.

With an ambition that will later speak for itself, Robinson floated a public company named Cauldon Potteries, Ltd., with a capital of £250,000, and induced people all over the country to buy shares.

Some of his prophecies were grossly extravagant, though at the time he possibly entertained a foolish belief that they would be fulfilled—that everything he touched would turn to gold.

He had great faith in his ability to put the declining pottery trade on its feet again, but allowed his unjustified optimism to get the better of him.

Within a year or so of the inception of the Cauldon Potteries, Ltd., he attracted his investors' confidence to the extent of a further £250,000. His own salary, as managing director, stood at £4,000 a year!

He was now well into his stride and, in connection with the objects of the concern, had taken over eight different pottery businesses for the avowed purpose of rehabilitating them.

His methods, we can to-day reveal, were most daring.

"He has a perfect mania . . ." said this judge

In one case he personally purchased a concern for £100,000, and resold it to the Cauldon Potteries, Ltd., for £165,000!

In view of this it is not surprising that a bankruptcy official, who was in due course called in to investigate some of his company affairs, severely criticised several transactions in the strongest possible terms.

Robinson, with a determination which was rapidly sowing seeds of disaster on all sides, plunged on in his well-intentioned but mad desire to bring prosperity back to the Potteries.

In due course he sold to the £500,000 Cauldon Potteries, Ltd., several other companies of which he was the controlling spirit.

In doing so he induced further investors to part with money.

In all, over £700,000 was involved in his companies. This, added to a huge personal bankruptcy with which we will later deal, brings the total into the neighbourhood of a million.

Heartbreaking

For a long time faith in him remained unshaken, and he enjoyed an almost regal position. When he drove through the streets of Hanley, Longton or Newcastle-under-Lyme in his luxurious car, men touched their caps to him.

But disillusion has latterly come to his supporters in heartbreaking circumstances. They have waited for years for promised dividends which did not come, and are faced to-day with the fact that they will never see any of their money back.

The official file at Somerset House of the epoch-making Cauldon Potteries, Ltd., to-day contains a letter which tells a melancholy story.

This closes with the following statement of bare and depressing fact—"the company is therefore no longer carrying on business and has no assets."

And, to crown the calamitous state of affairs, Robinson himself had personal liabilities of £288,700.

Though this sum was eventually reduced, much comment has been occasioned over certain remarkable transactions which took place in effecting reduction.

It now comes to light that a number of friends have been kind enough to "buy up" some of Robinson's debts at interesting rates, some prices being as low as 1s. 5d. and 1s. 10d. in the pound.

Denounced!

There has been no limit to the activities of this superman of the Potteries.

He has bought up companies as easily as other men buy a new tie—indeed, in the words of His Honour Judge Ruegg, K.C., who dealt recently with his staggering bankruptcy proceedings, he "has a perfect mania in this respect."

The time arrived, as was inevitable, when some ugly facts came to light. One of Robinson's interests, for example, lay in the purchase of a company called the Worcester Royal Porcelain, Ltd., The object of this purchase was to reorganise the capital of the concern—which Robinson failed to do.

A man who had been induced to part with £2,500 on this broken promise issued a writ against Robinson for its return. This forced him to file his petition in bankruptcy.

A few days ago, when he was before the court in connection with this development, he was denounced by a judge as a man who had had the audacity to contract debts amounting to £62,000 without having any expectation of ever being in the position to refund it.

He was further denounced as having been guilty of rash and hazardous speculation, not only in the actual formation of the disastrous companies, but in the way in which he overcapitalised and financed them.

This official condemnation should be of particular interest to our readers.

For, under the heading "The Bull in the China Shop," we struck a warning note about the projects of Harold Taylor Robinson over two years ago. How apt that heading was is now clearly shown. We also revealed that, before his entry into the fields of high finance, he was a travelling salesman for crockery in South Coast towns.

It is a pity he ever gave up that job, and if he is wise he will return to it. He has caused chaos enough in the Potteries.

FIRST PRECAUTION

THERE is bustle in the house—and not a little anxiety as well—when the moment comes for going away on that week-end.

The careful scrutiny to make sure that windows are safe. The added turn to gas and water taps. The caution to see that no electric light button is left down. And the final tug at the front door to make sure that the lock engages.

But the carefree feeling that lasts until the holiday is over makes these precautions well worth while.

* * *

The experience of a Glasgow family, however, shows that not even the widest precautions can ensure the safety of an unoccupied home and its contents. Disaster may come from some cause outside the householder's control.

They had taken every reasonable precaution, but a faulty electric wire, which started an outbreak under the wall, was quite beyond their calculations. To their dismay on reaching home they found one of their rooms blazing fiercely, and the Fire Brigade in charge. The damage to their own property was such that the cost of a good seaside holiday for a whole family wouldn't meet it.

* * *

It would have been a crushing calamity—if they had had to foot the bill themselves. But fortunately they had taken one other precaution, the wisest of the lot. They had signed, at no cost whatever, a form such as you may turn to now on page 2, and so JOHN BULL paid.

Yes, lock your doors and windows when you go away. Turn off the gas and light. Give the front door that extra pull. But see that you take that biggest of all precautions—explained for you on page 2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BIG MONEY FOR YOU.
Cochrane & Sons help you to make money. Ladies' Knickers, 5/6 doz. Sell at 9d. per pair. Overalls, 4/11 doz. Sell at 8½d. each. Gent's Wool Socks, 4/6 doz. 1/- line for 8½d. pair. Hundreds of other bargains. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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P. J. TATE, 26, NEVILLE STREET, LEEDS, 1.

XMAS Club Agents wanted—good commission, Chocolates, Cigarettes, Fancy Goods, Catalogue. —GARRATT, Stockley Street, NORTHAMPTON.

FREE Sample value 2/6 NOW to every Agent for the Shield Xmas Club. Write to-day for full particulars of Big Cash Commissions and Finest FREE Gifts to the trade, together with 172-page Art Catalogue and coupon to obtain 2/6 Free Sample to SHIELD XMAS CLUB (Dept. 14), BRADFORD.

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MOTHERS always keep a bottle of CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS handy. When your child feels bilious or becomes constipated, this safe fruit laxative never fails in its gentle and unfailing action. See p. 38.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

CASH Waiting for any kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Diamonds, Dental Plates, etc. Highest cash per return. Est 25 yrs Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10s. or £1 per month. Open a Credit Account with SMART-WEAR. No deposit, no references required. Call or write for beautifully illustrated Catalogue, also Men's Catlg., sent post free. SMART-WEAR, Ltd., 263-271, Regent St., London, W.1.

SEND a postcard to W. Foster (Dept. 33), Town Hall, Blackpool, and get a free copy of the new "Holiday Journal." Write, mentioning *John Bull*. Further particulars appear on p. 35.

A FREE booklet which will improve your health.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, for a copy of special free illus. booklet, "The Danger Curve," offered by J. N. Roussel on p. 35.

A LEISURE HOUR COMPETITION. Fill in the coupon in the advt. on p. 29, placing a cross against those sports or hobbies in which you are specially interested. Free particics. and entry forms will be sent to you. Send the coupon for full details now, while you think of it.

A FREE SAMPLE TUBE of "Euthymol" Tooth Paste, which prevents dental decay, will be sent to every reader who fills in the coupon in the advt. on p. 32. Send while you think of it.

FREE to women readers: Send a postcard to BROWN & POLSON, Ltd., Dept 81, Paisley, for a free copy of "Simple Home Cookery," an invaluable recipe book for Summer dishes. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

THERE is almost an endless variety of appetising and delicious dishes, suitable for any meal which can be made simply and economically with QUAKER OATS. Turn to p. 22 for further information.

WRONG FAMILY DEPORTED

—Incredible TRAGEDY

of a monstrous official —Alfred Moger and his family

deported suddenly from the ntry in which you had hered together a new home. o suffer the indignities of enforced journey under rd and imprisonment be-

that your wife and two n are exposed to the same tment of escorted exit. omething to make an inno- justly indignant against

l to everything else to he whole thing from begin- is due to a mistake in

ever such an incredible ose facts indicate? what happened to Alfred , of Walters Road, Ogmore rganshire; to his wife, to his sons, Alfred and respectively twelve and

amazing story that of , and one that inevitably e arrangements for the en- of emigration from this he Dominion of Canada.

e craftsman

ater part of his life, Alfred ed in the mining township Vale, and has earned his k in the pits.

oroughly good craftsman— als prove that—but when ade depression overspread he was one of the victims nent.

ed no more left for him in try, and so, when a relative, ncouver, British Columbia, to find him a new job in ry and sent the money for the ship passage and railway transport, Moger eagerly jumped at what he then thought was a fine opportunity.

Thrilled with natural excitement and hope, Moger went to Canada, and when he reached Vancouver secured work. He laboured hard and well, saving regularly until he had enough money to send back to South Wales to pay the passages of his wife and family.

All this was more than four years ago. The Moger family settled down in British Columbia; acquired a bungalow, and gradually, as funds became available, bought the furniture and fixtures which made that bungalow into a "nice little home."

Although the future seemed assured, Moger never took steps to secure officially a "Canadian domicile." He did not wish to do so; he had no desire to relinquish his rights as a citizen of Britain.

Even in Vancouver, however, Moger found that work was not permanent. He had periods of unemployment, when it was necessary for him to accept relief from the city authorities for maintenance of the household.

Confusion

It so happened that in Vancouver at the material time was Moger's brother.

Mark the similarity in the full names, for it is important as an illuminant on subsequent events. Moger, married and father of two sons, was *Alfred George*. His brother was *George Henry*.

Now George Henry Moger could not secure any regularity of employment, and decided that it would be better for him to return to England. Consequently he applied for deportation under the system which obtains between the Mother Country and the Dominion.

After due consideration, the immigration authorities took the necessary action on this request for return to England.

Here the inexplicable mistake between the two Moger brothers was made.

Alfred George Moger was served with an "Order for Deportation" made out in the name of *George Henry* Moger, and on that order—also for deportation—was named Jessie (the wife of Alfred George) and his two children.

One brother had asked to go, but the other brother was to be sent away.

Immediately Alfred George went to the immigration office he explained that the order he had received was in the name of his brother.

Protests, and his persistency in pointing out that an error had occurred, were of no avail.

"It is all the same," he was told, "you and your wife and family must be ready to leave Vancouver for Montreal in twenty-four hours."

No appeal was possible, although at that time Alfred George Moger had an offer of another job before him, and numerous friends came forward to guarantee his good faith, and to vouch for the mistake in the names.

An order for deportation had been made and served on Alfred George Moger, and therefore Alfred George and his dependants would have to go.

What frantic haste took place then. The home in which these unfortunate people had lived happily for four years had to be disposed of in a day, and all the packing of bedding and personal effects had to be accomplished.

Home sacrificed

Furniture and fittings for which about £50 had been paid had to be sacrificed for the best price they could fetch—about £8!

To the father and the mother this dismantling of the home, which they regarded with such pride, was heartbreaking.

But it had to be done. An order for deportation was in operation.

Next day Alfred George Moger was taken away from his wife and children. With a party of male deportees he was escorted to Montreal.

Travelling alongside this Englishman, who had committed no offence whatever, was a Russian criminal who had served imprisonment for two years, and another ex-jail bird.

On arrival at Montreal, Moger—still in company with the malefactors—was placed in a small cell at the Deportation Centre, with bars on the narrow windows and an iron barred grille for the door.

Behind those bars his wife and children found him when they reached Montreal by a later rail connection.

The woman was in tears at the sight of her husband in such a situation, and the children kept asking "Why is daddy in prison?"

Moger declares that it was the most terrible experience he could imagine. He made enquiries of his guards to know why he was treated in such an outrageous way, but could get no explanation other than that his papers were marked in big letters, "This man to be watched."

Only at the hour of meals, in the common dining-hall of the centre, was Moger permitted to talk with his wife and children.

He, the man deported through a mistake, was for all effective purposes a prisoner under the closest custody.

"Unfortunate"!

The sailing day came. Moger was placed aboard one ship bound for London, while his wife and children were sent to another vessel leaving for Liverpool. They were not even permitted to be in company on the voyage to England.

Not until Ogmore Vale was reached did they meet again. There they were, stranded without money and without a roof to their heads, until the kindness of an old neighbour provided them with house room.

Since then Alfred George Moger has attempted to obtain some explanation of his case from the Canadian authorities, but all his correspondence and his petitions have proved of small avail.

The final reply came from the Dominions Office in Whitehall, addressed to Mrs. Moger, and stating:

"The Canadian authorities realise that your departure was hurried. Even had more time been available, they doubt whether your furniture would have realised more than £5 under present conditions, and whilst admitting that the circumstances under which your husband was detained at Montreal were unfortunate, they are not prepared to concede that there are any grounds on which a claim for compensation could be based."

"Unfortunate" is the colourless word which the authorities use for Moger's imprisonment.

We are inclined to use a much harsher, but truer term.

Imperatively the matter cannot be left at its present stage. Recompense is due to the man and his wife for the hardships inflicted on them.

We ask the High Commissioner of Canada to review the whole case, and to afford some measure of justice.

The Human Machine

FAIRY GODMOTHER

THE mind is a creative machine and you are its master.

That is a truth you should repeat to yourself a thousand times a day. It is a truth you should write down in letters of gold and put somewhere where you can always see it.

Do you realise just what it means? It means that the secret of creation is locked up in the thinking consciousness of mankind.

Everything that exists to-day was first a thought in somebody's mind. The wireless, the aeroplane, television, all the "miracles" of the age were first created in men's consciousness.

All matter is just helpless and inert substance until creative thought gets to work on it and shapes it. It is mind in action that has given birth *to every force and fact that exists.*

The human mind shapes and controls matter. Your mind—whoever you may be—has this miraculous power. Have you ever realised it before?

Every thought you think tends to become a material thing. Thought tends always to release natural energies and set in motion natural forces. Thoughts tend always to be creative of the things about which they think.

You can therefore—you can—bring into being whatever you want if you think about it clearly enough and hard enough.

"Evil thoughts, hopeless thoughts, are the cause of all the misery in the world," wrote someone; "aspiring and creative thoughts are the real fairy godmothers of life."

Heaven and hell, happiness and misery, success and failure—all lie within us. At any moment and all the time we can have which we like, because we can think which we like.

DOROTHY LEE (*top left*), dainty American film actress, finds Lux Toilet Soap "a perfect skin-care."

DOROTHY HYSON (*top right*), English film actress, lovely daughter of Dorothy Dickson, the stage star, uses Lux Toilet Soap.

SALLY BLANE (*left*)—seen in many American film successes—says "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so smooth and clear."

PAT PATERSON (Fox Films) (*right*), another young film actress who is enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap.

...here is a secret for YOU from 846 STARS

IN ENGLAND AND HOLLYWOOD

SKIN SO SMOOTHLY SOFT and clear... You cannot help being attractive if your skin is like that.

Screen stars do not all possess perfect features—yet they are all lovely. They *know* the secret of beauty is smooth, soft skin. Madge Evans, M.G.M., tells you *how* they keep so lovely.

"I use Lux Toilet Soap faithfully," says this famous film star, "for it keeps my complexion exactly as I like it—velvety smooth, clear, fresh and always youthful. Lux Toilet Soap is magic for the skin."

846 of the leading 857 stars in England and Hollywood agree. "We find Lux Toilet Soap such an essential part of our beauty care," they declare, "that we have had it made the *official* beauty soap in all the great studios."

DISSOLVES PORE-FILM IMMEDIATELY

"Glands in the skin," specialists tell you, "secrete perspiration and an oily substance which spread over the skin-surface through the pores, and, if not removed, form a film on the skin. This pore-film can hide and even *destroy* skin-beauty, for it collects dust and germs." You need a quick-lathering soap to dissolve pore-film, experts say, and Lux Toilet Soap has a *special* quick-lathering action which dissolves it completely. Use Lux Toilet Soap regularly—for smooth skin. Your grocer or dealer sells it—3d a tablet.

LUX TOILET SOAP • 3D

This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.

TL 571-93 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

WYNDHAM
HILDS
throws—

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table information comes to me
nsea, South Wales, regarding
"eggshell" company passing
name of New Era Fotografiks,

course of its short career that
has caused considerable loss to
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ls have been victimised in a re-
le manner. The history of
Fotografiks is thoroughly un-

Complaints

ompany was established in
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the fifteenth of that month,
apital of £1,000. There is no
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a young accountant named
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vans sailed blandly into his new
A suite of offices, occupying

LIGHT *on a* DARK STUDIO

They were to learn a vocation from the cameraman, but he turned out to be a bogeyman

an entire floor, was hired by New Era Fotografiks, Ltd., in the most modern building in the business centre of Swansea. The company had for its neighbours firms of world-wide repute.

A contractor was given the work of fitting out the offices. The floor was divided into spacious rooms, labelled with various titles, a studio, a despatching department, developing and printing rooms, directors' and general offices.

Then elaborate furniture was ordered, and a complete system of internal telephones installed.

Everything looked very pretentious and sound. Yet it was all "show," for the company had no real assets and its financial resources were hopelessly inadequate.

Ready money was necessary, and to secure that the company advertised for premium pupils—young women who were to be trained in business methods and secretarial work.

Girl pupils

Two unlucky girls fell for this offer—one was the daughter of a prison official, who paid £50 for her supposed training; while a second girl parted with £25. Another girl engaged as a typist was wiser. She insisted that she must have a trial period to see if she liked the position before paying any money.

As an adjunct to his studio scheme, Evans conceived the idea of embarking on advertising with the title of the Modern Era Publicity Service, and for this activity a capable black-and-white artist was employed.

Circulars were sent out to a number of firms describing the field that the company was intending to operate.

"Our services are entirely FREE," declared one of these circular letters, "and we can place your advertisement in the Press, covering the whole of the territory you desire, *at a cost which is much lower than that which you now pay.*

"We can definitely state that we shall increase your advertising power at no extra cost.

"May our Managing Director have the pleasure of meeting you?"

No authority

How this new company was to undercut recognised advertising agents was never made clear to inquirers. Certainly Evans, the managing director, had no authority from the South Wales newspapers for his offer of cut advertising rates.

Very soon the company was in straits for cash. The artist, who was chief of the studio, found that he could not obtain his promised salary, and after six weeks of working and waiting decided that he had better quit. What he actually received for his employment was the magnificent sum of £8 in uneasy payments.

Meanwhile creditors, who had been impressed by the "splash" made at the outset, were now beginning to press for settlement of debts. They were assured that everything would be quite all right, and that the company was expecting to raise no less than £20,000.

Of course, these statements were ridiculous. There never was the slightest chance of the company passing successfully through its period of birth pangs.

It had been founded entirely on credit, and when the limit of credit was reached the shell collapsed.

A judgment was secured by the firm which had fitted out the offices, but to little purpose, for there was nothing on which to collect.

The fine office furniture had not been paid for, and was seized by the suppliers.

The telephone equipment also was taken away.

So ended, for all practical purposes, this mushroom company. And the troubles of disillusioned members of the staff began.

The girls who had been accepted as pupils were told that they had better go home. No chance for them to secure a return of their premium payments.

The typist, who had worked all along without salary in order to learn business routine, found her lesson a very sorry one. With the collapse of the company she was left to seek a job elsewhere.

Now the offices of New Era Fotografiks, Ltd., and the Modern Era Publicity Service are empty. Nothing remains but the nameplate on the entrance and the department labels on the doors.

A complete investigation, I learn, has been made by the Swansea police into the affairs of the company. Yet it is impossible for them to take action in a case of this character.

Eggshell

The many people who have suffered through New Era Fotografiks, Ltd., have only the remedy of civil process, and what is the use of suing a company which is derelict?

And that, I emphasise, is the scandal of these "eggshell" private companies. They cause immeasurable harm and suffering by their irresponsibility.

I have quoted this Swansea example in detail, for the twin reasons that it is an extremely bad one, and in the hope that it will be a warning and a lesson to other young men who have fantastic company schemes in mind, and to established firms, who are far too prone to allow credit to concerns with no balance or ballast.

What has recently happened in Swansea with New Era Fotografiks, Ltd., is happening with other similarly ill-founded companies throughout the country.

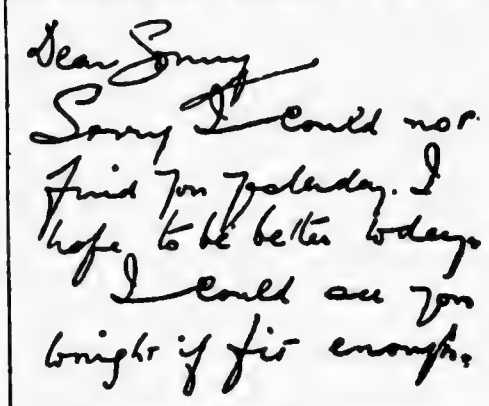
ON THE RUN

BOLTED from Swansea, South Wales:—

"Dr." G. Cornwall-Page, alias Elmer Esdaile; aged about forty-six; dark complexion; slim build; clean shaven; hair slightly grey at temples; a prolific talker; a sample of his handwriting is reproduced for purposes of identification.

This man claims to be a specialist in the treatment of deafness and all affections of the ear. Actually he is a notorious "quack" who has victimised people in many parts of the country.

He disappeared from his lodgings in Beechwood Road, Swansea, after an exposure in JOHN BULL, and is believed to have gone to Manchester.



This sample of Peverill's handwriting may lead to his identification

Creditors in many towns are anxious to know the present whereabouts of this man. His real name is Beverley Peverill.

The PRIVATE LIFE of

WITHIN four walls with "the Best-Loved Man in England"—the most human story of the year, told intimately, frankly, fearlessly by his son!

Here, beginning this week—which incidentally marks JOHN BULL'S celebration of its 28th birthday—is a remarkable document of first-rate importance.

What are the secrets of success of George Lansbury, the Leader of the Opposition in Parliament, both as a politician and as a man? What is the whole homely truth about him? What are the great personal qualities that have won him universal esteem?

These questions, and many others of absorbing interest to everybody, are now answered for the first time.

WHATEVER George Lansbury's reactions may be in the company of statesmen, philosophers and divines, there is no mistaking his feelings in the company of those whom he refers to as "the common people." For him "the common people" are coalmen, dustmen, porters, postmen, navvies, bricklayers, clerks, sailors, soldiers, shopkeepers, grocers, engineers, carmen, chauffeurs, the unemployed, and their wives.

If you saw George Lansbury in the Tube or on a 'bus, or just walking along the road one morning, and felt inclined to talk, you would start right away without bothering about an introduction.

You might open with "Hullo, George," and it's ten to one his response would be "Hullo, brother, how's the war?" (quite irrelevant to any war in particular yet subtly relevant to affairs in general).

He'll Listen to You

Or if it suited your style (and it would if you were a politically minded workman) you might venture: "How goes it, George? You didn't half give old Churchill a caning last night!"

Such openings as these or any others even remotely indicating a knowledge of or interest in public affairs would serve to establish a friendship that would last until he got off the 'bus, out of the Tube, or arrived at the barber's shop or the House of Commons or wherever it was he was going to.

He would open his heart and his mind and boom out his ideas with enthusiasm and sincerity, whether your subject was politics, the dole, Gandhi, de Valera, the leg-theory, anti-vaccination, your wife's bad temper, the Loch Ness Monster, or the vague obsessions and apprehensions of humanity at large.

If you wanted to do the talking yourself you would find him a grateful listener, eager to learn your ideas and opinions, and able to see your view of the picture almost as clearly as you do yourself.

But at times you might detect a too thoughtful look beneath those rugged brows indicating a mind apt to go on with its own business when conversation lacks sincerity or becomes boring.

Beware of such moments, for father is one of those rare and gifted people, positively cut out for all-night sittings of the Mother of Parliaments, who can get in a nap between stations on the Underground, and make an intelligent study of the advertisements at the stations on the way.

So if you must do the talking let it be of the kind that will keep a live man awake. . .

In common with the very rich and the very poor, father has never mastered the art of shaving himself.

Any morning he may be seen quietly taking his way along the Bow Road to one of the local "barber shops," where the common people are shaven and shorn and the illusion kept up that separate mugs, soaps, and brushes are reserved for the lordly ones who are willing to pay an extra halfpenny for the privilege. In the summer he may make the journey in his bedroom slippers.

Be assured that it was not father who stipulated for the separate mug and soap and brush. It would be the barber himself who, with proper respect for the dignity of his client, would have pretended to make the arrangements.

I Howled . .

But away from home father takes his turn (and pot-luck) at the nearest barber's shop, where the proprietor may be an artist or a navvy at his trade.

My own earliest recollection of father is connected with a Christmas morning of long ago. I was three and he was therefore thirty-one, already with five children to his credit.

The "Father Christmas" legend was strong in our house and none of the children was supposed to wake until well into Christmas morning. But long before daylight excitement had wakened me up, and out from the bedclothes came a guilty hand and arm to see what Father Christmas had brought for me.

The first thrill was the feel of the stocking itself packed with things of various shapes and sizes. Even in the darkness the apple and orange were fairly obvious and a little disappointing.

The little hard objects of various shapes and sizes were mysterious at first, but not for long. They were mere nuts, and also disappointing. Then the plastic and messy sugared fig came under notice and, lastly, a real mystery protruding from the open end of the stocking. It was hard, bony, hairy and sinister.

In the darkness I brought it close to my face for inspection, when suddenly something horrible snatched at my nose and then at my chin.

I dropped everything and set up a guilty howl which brought father rushing into the bedroom. A lighted candle soon cleared up the mystery for him, but not for me.

The clutching hand was that of a kind of gollywog, not the modern floppy kind with no life, but a virile black-faced fellow, with straight black hair, blue coat and red trousers, and a pair of cymbals in his hands. When you squeezed his body he crashed the cymbals—and had clapped them on my nose in the dark.

Father had to sit on the edge of the bed (there were four of us in it—two girls and two boys ranging from three years to ten) and work the gollywog over and over again before my fears were set at rest. It was still horrible, even when he clapped the cymbals on his own nose.

The Empty Grate

Three or four years later he was still working in a timber yard (in which he later became a partner). He was up before seven and my brother and I with him. It must have been winter all the time then, for the only picture I have is of dark mornings and father first lighting the oil lamp and then tackling the fire.

Is there a more desolate sight than an empty grate on a cold and frosty morning? I mean the sort of open grate that used to be fitted in every tiny cottage, not the lordly "kitchen range" or "kitchener" with its intricate dampers and flues.

First the digging and scraping away of ash and cinder with hands and poker, and the sorting out of half-burned pieces of coal for the new fire. Then the careful building up, with old newspapers and chopped-up sugar boxes bought from the tea-shop for a penny or two, and the addition of fresh coal or coke, very gingerly placed so as not to crowd the young flames unduly. Lucky were we if the chopping had been done over-night and the wood properly dried. Then the application of the match and the breathless moments of suspense as the curly wisp of smoke turned to a small blue flame, and the small blue flame into a yellow one, and then crack, crack, and crack again.

We were lucky, the fire was under way. In a moment the iron kettle was on the fire (gas still being a luxury for the well-to-do) and the Right Honourable George Lansbury could be heard out in the "washhouse" puffing and blowing and hissing between his teeth like an ostler as he performed his toilet

with a bar of Sunlight soap over a pail of the coldest water in the world.

There were no morning baths in those days, hot or cold; it was just a matter of stripping to the waist and bending over a pail.

When Father Drove

But now the kettle is boiling and father makes the tea, while we boys take our turn with the pail and the soap, wiping ourselves with the same damp towel as father used. One of us takes a cup to mother (one of her few luxuries so far as I can remember) and then we get our share of the treat—a couple of sips from father's saucer, and a stand-up fight when he goes to his work as to who shall have the "grouts."

A simple story if you like, to be matched from thousands of humble homes of to-day and yesterday.

But washing over a pail of cold water in winter is not the hardship it may seem. Let the reader try it, not in the bathroom but outside the kitchen door. He will find it unrivalled for dispelling "those blues." Meantime the girls were making the

GEORGE LANSBURY

by HIS SON EDGAR

Father and son, George and Edgar Lansbury
—A "John Bull" photograph taken in the grounds of the hospital where Mr. Lansbury is recovering from the accident which befell him last Christmas

, scouring the bedrooms, and ling the babies.

e were luckier than most fami- in the same station of life by on of our father being able end us away to the country a fortnight in the summer. We to go to Wincanton, in Somer- hire, and father always went us.

he whole family of us, with lug- , prams, and the usual personal edimenta, would drive up to erloo Station on an open timber k, father taking the reins.

ow proud he was of his driving! would think he was Lord schild driving his team of as to the office in St. Swithin's e.

ide is not one of father's fail- , and few can feel less personal faction than he does over poli- or social achievement. But as river of horses he was unbear- conceited. Whatever old nag drove, his talk and bearing were e of the driver of a thorough- .

was a sight to see him gather he reins and crack the whip as started on our summer holiday. us the thrill was almost unbear- ; we never knew for certain that of us—perhaps more serious, one he boxes—might not fall off with the first jerk of the horse on the traces.

Father's exultation would last all the way to Waterloo Station. With us, however, the initial excitement would wear off after ten minutes. Then would begin a scrambling and a bickering, half-subdued, between the elder ones for the seat on the driver's board, and sly digs and kicks among the rest of us for the superior seats amongst the luggage.

His Chanty

Once I remember howling very loudly indeed, and father, pre-occupied with what he regarded as a restive steed, just yelled over his shoulder: "For goodness' sake kick him, somebody." I can imagine his chagrin had anybody carried out his behest. Nobody kicked, however, but his intervention brought peace to the family for at least a few minutes.

Despite the bustle and excitement at Waterloo Station, father never forgot the workers. On the platform he would take us along to the engine, telling us all about the work of the driver and fireman, and trying to explain the mechanism of the engine. Even the guard received his share of attention.

When the whistle sounded and the journey began he would start us all singing:

Three cheers for the engine-driver
Three cheers for the engine-driver
Three cheers for the engine-driver
Early in the morning.

We understood this part of the song; the engine-driver was our hero and we sang with gusto to the tune of "What shall we do with a drunken sailor," but when it came to the chorus:

Put him in a tub and roll him over
Put him in a tub and roll him over
Put him in a tub and roll him over
Early in the morning

we couldn't understand it at all, and just put it down to the well-recognised soppiness of grown-ups. It was the sort of mystery that most parents specialise in. They make child life difficult, but afford some satisfaction to parents.

Another thing that made life just a tiny bit awkward for the elder children was the attitude of the other passengers. We noticed it, but father didn't. They were bored, angry, amused or they affected indifference. Occasionally, but very rarely, we were warmed by the smile of one or two who seemed to understand and appreciate the spirit of the gathering.

But often there were sour looks and unsympathetic remarks that gave us nasty feelings inside. We were all over-inclined to self-consciousness. In these moods father was like a lump of radium, throwing off energy, vitality and enthusiasm in all directions. Gloom, despondency and sadness were kept at a distance.

His attitude towards engine-drivers, tram and bus conductors, waiters, dustmen, policemen, postmen, and other workmen is always the same. He believes in their kind of work.

Tale of a Slipper

Father spared the rod, but this is not what spoiled the children. For there was always mother. He could quieten the most turbulent squabbles, driving mutiny underground with looks and words; but in his absence mother found words and looks of no avail. She was stern, but just, and in order to keep the house clean and tidy and to settle our many disputations, had frequent recourse to bodily chastisement.

We didn't believe in this sort of thing and resented the indignity and pain bitterly. I am glad I can say she never punished us in cold blood, but only when driven crazy by our uncouth manners and thoughtless ways.

Father's efforts to keep peace and order in the family usually amounted to a threat to "jolly well knock your two heads together." Once he took off a slipper in what mother used to call one of his "towering rages," intending to administer a real leathering; but the sight of the slipper caused so complete a debacle that his rage quickly subsided and the slipper was replaced.

Mother was Judge

Another of his metaphor-like threats was to put a flea in the ear of an offender, but we always detected the weakness of this threat and were unmoved.

Mother was the labour master in our house; she divided the work amongst us and saw that it was properly done. She heard all our quarrels and administered justice, whether as arbitrator, judge or dictator. If there was any knocking of heads together, she had to do it.

At one time there were seven of us all of school age, and father being the humanitarian (apart from being out at work most of the time) mother's part was clear. Often we had to be whacked to prevent us whacking each other.

NEXT WEEK:

The Battle of his Boyhood

A MESSAGE TO JUNE BRIDES

FROM a catering point of view there's no need to discuss which is the critical year of marriage. *Every* year is critical.

It's an undeniable fact that even a husband who is manifestly loved, honoured *and* obeyed, still needs to be fed. *Properly* fed.

Every bride should know, for example, that in addition to the universal use of Quaker Oats for breakfast, there is an almost endless variety of appetising and delicious dishes, suitable for any meal, which can be made simply and economically with Quaker Oats.

Ordinary soups, for instance, are greatly improved by the addition of a little *Quick* Quaker Oats—it makes them richer, creamier, altogether more appetising and nourishing.

Simply stir in the *Quick* Quaker whilst your soup is cooking, allowing about a dessertspoonful per person. It melts straight away into the soup.

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Two kinds—Quaker Oats & Quick *Quaker*

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"John Bull" Readers' Stories—88

MAN HARPOONED!

GRIM JUSTICE ABOARD A WHALER

ITS a good many years since I first read JOHN BULL, and it's before I first saw a copy that I had the experience I am about to tell.

Those were the days when Britain held her own in the whaling business. Her ships went to the north and to the south after sperm, and little ships they were compared to the boats that float on the seven seas to-day.

They don't hunt whale with hand harpoon and tackle to-day, but in my day they did; and they cut up the carcase beside the ship as the dead whale floated under the bulwarks. A trip often took a year.

I learned my whaling in the north and then went as a steerer on the *Rider Out*, which was expected to hunt whales until every barrel was filled.

We got a few in the North Atlantic, but the skipper, Captain Ward, determined to go south so that he might get away from the usual grounds and so fill up quickly.

✦✦✦✦✦✦✦

We lost the harpooner at the River Plate through him getting into trouble ashore. We left him there in jail and got a Samoan named Tulalonkata to take his job.

Nobody ever knew why Tula, as he was called for short, had come from the Pacific. He was a small man, but sturdy, and he hardly ever talked, but when he did talk it was to tell us that we wouldn't find whales until we went into the Pacific.

This got to the skipper's ears, and he told Mr. Moran, the first mate, to give Tula a dozen of the cat for trying to put "magic" on the trip. Tula never got the cat, but he was warned, and he became more quiet than ever.

Captain Ward was a hard skipper, drinking hard and hazing his crew without mercy. As we ran south he got worse because no whales appeared, and he cursed the two mates in front of the crew for a pair of washermen.

But we sighted no whales, bad weather kept us day and night on deck, the provisions and water were cut down, the only one who had his liquor was the skipper, and he always had too much. There was grumbling among the crew and we became a sullen, discontented lot. It needed but a spark to cause a flare-up.

One day during the rough weather Tula went aft to take his trick at the wheel, and as he passed the skipper, who was standing by the binnacle, the latter swung round and lashed out at him with his fist.

The blow took Tula on the jaw. He reeled and slid across the sloping deck and would have gone over, but managed to grab a rail.

I was in the waist and saw the whole thing. I heard the skipper calling him a pretty rotten name and declaring that he would teach an islander for passing to windward of his betters.

Tula didn't reply, but took the wheel and carried on, although his cheek was cut open by the blow.

From that day the skipper seemed to vent most of his bad temper on Tula, accusing him of keeping the whales away by "magic" and knocking him about.

✦✦✦✦✦✦✦

Once when Moran, the first mate, made a remonstrance, the skipper turned on him and told him, in front of the crew, that he'd be disrated if he (Moran) couldn't run the ship as it ought to be run. That closed Moran's mouth.

But still the whales didn't come, and we drove south and round the Horn into the Pacific. The skipper said Tula had made the whales go to the Pacific, and we were going after them.

In those days whales were often found in the South Seas, and we had climbed towards the doldrums when sure enough the look-out sang out that one was blowing. It was a cachalot, and there were others seen beyond the spouter.

The whole thing took place quicker than it can be written. Tula sent his harpoon flying through the air. It caught the skipper in the chest

The sight of the whales made every man get back to duty in double-quick time. For days there had been whispers of mutiny and putting the drunken skipper in irons, but now all that was forgotten in the work at hand.

Braces were hauled and slacked and the boats were lowered. I was steering the bow boat and we hit the water first and were away before the waist boat was dropped.

✦✦✦✦✦✦✦

Tula was harpooner for the bow boat. He stood in the bows ready with his big iron lance, and as soon as we were within striking distance of the cachalot he let fly. He was the best and most accurate harpooner who ever sailed.

The whale sounded, eased up, dropped again, and then started on a run. It towed us in a wide circle, then came up again and lay on the surface. It wasn't dead, but our boat crept up and Tula sank his lance again. He thrust it to the very socket a good five or six feet right into the vitals of the monster; and then the whale's flukes slapped the water with a noise like cannon; but we got him.

It was towed back to the ship, leaving a trail of blood across the ocean; and we knew that from every quarter there would come sharks on the scent of that blood.

They came before we reached the ship, but we were used to that and the cutting up began. A staging had been erected over the starboard side of the ship for the mates to stand on so that they could loosen strips of blubber with long-handled spades.

The fluke chains had been belted and everything was ready when the sharks started to attack the whale. We had therefore to work in a hurry to get all the blubber off the carcase.

I was ordered by the skipper to hook in. He had been drinking as usual and was in an ugly mood, and Moran was trying to pacify him while giving other orders to the men.

However, I got the monkey-rope fastened round my waist and was swung down over the side to the whale, which was heaving against the side of the ship with the swells.

The monkey-rope was always kept taut by men above so that I wouldn't slip on the oily hide and drop among the sharks.

✦✦✦✦✦✦✦

Down came the big hook swinging over me and the mate sliced a strip of blubber away. I sank the hook under the flipper and gave the signal for the haul-away. But the hook slipped out at the first haul and swung aloft past the mate, who dodged for his life.

The next thing I knew was the skipper leaning over the bulwarks and telling me what he thought about my work and how he would knock me silly when I came aboard.

I waited for the hook to come down again and then I made sure that it wouldn't slip this time. I sank it under a thick tendron deep into the whale's flipper. Then I signalled again for the haul-away.

The crew sang at the tackle. The ship rolled to the strain as the falls tautened, I heard the hook cutting and tearing as it held, and then suddenly it came away again.

The metal hook, bought from cheap

(Continued on page 24)

RATIONAL TAILORING

'Ready to Wear'

with real STYLE in it!

This is the time of year when you suddenly discover that you need a new pair of flannels, or an odd sports jacket—and want them in a hurry, too! At any of our Depots you can fit yourself out with anything you want on the spot—And most economically too!—because all the good things that apply to Rational Tailoring 'Made-to-Measure,' apply equally to everything 'Ready-to-Wear.'

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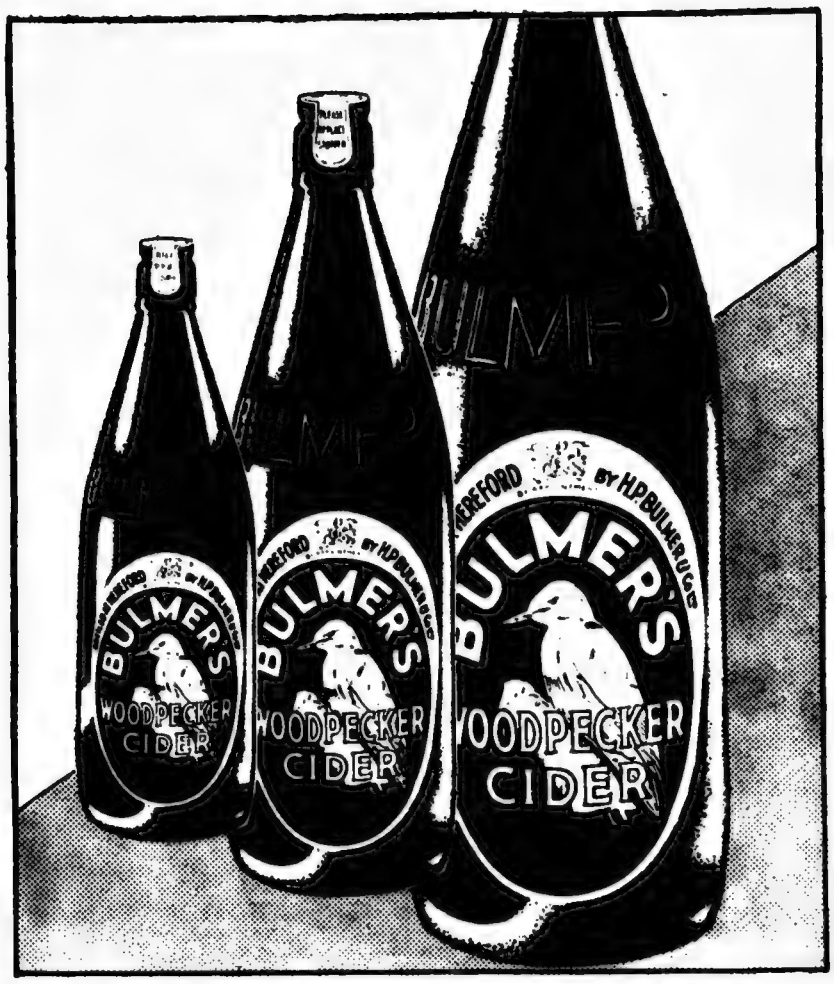

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H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., CIDER MAKERS, HEREFORD

MAN HARPOONED!—*Continued from page 22*

MAGIC of TULA

makers by the skipper who had got a rake-off for buying it, could not stand the strain.

My heart stood still when the thing flashed past my head and struck the hull. I heard the mate curse the hook, and then I heard the skipper's voice.

"You," he roared at me, "come up here and I'll teach you to be a sailor-man."

"It wasn't me, it was the cheap hook!" I roared back.

"Cheap hook? You telling me my tackle's cheap? Come aboard and I'll send down a real whaler. Come aboard you this and you that."

I looked at the mate standing on the staging. He beckoned with his head for me to come up, so I climbed to the deck.

As soon as I landed there on my bare feet the skipper made a drive for me with a belaying pin he was holding. If that blow had hit me on the head I'd have been nursing a split skull for months; but the blow didn't land.

Before I knew what I was doing I let fly with my right fist and caught the skipper on the chin. He somersaulted back and struck the deck with a thud, flat as a flounder, and the pin flew overboard. It was a vicious blow I gave him, with all the force of my 180 pounds behind it.

Not a man moved. The mate stood on the staging chewing tobacco as if he had not understood what had been done. The second mate, who was in the bows, came running, then stopped suddenly, looking at the fallen skipper and me in a queer kind of way. Only one man spoke It was Tula.

He said, "Good!" and then turned and walked forward.

The skipper squirmed a bit, then sat up, saw me, and leaped to his feet.

"Mutiny!" he roared. "Mr. Moran, put this man in irons until I spread-eagle him. Clear away that rigging, you there!"

The second order was to some of the crew to get ready to trice me up for a flogging.

The mate didn't move, just went on chewing tobacco. The men didn't move either. The skipper stamped his foot and roared to the second mate.

"Mr. Stells, you are chief mate from this moment. Mr. Moran, get to your cabin. You're under arrest for refusing to obey orders."

The chief mate stepped down from the staging and walked below. He never answered a word, probably thinking that when the skipper was sober it would be all right.

But the skipper was too enraged and too drunk to think what he was doing. He turned to the other mate.

"Trice that man up and have him ready for punishment."

✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦

With that he turned on his heel and went below at the run. The second mate ordered me to step forward.

I knew the mate hated to give the order, but he gave it; and at that moment, when he was stepping towards me to lead me to the rigging, Tula's voice came from the bows.

"Stop, mister mate!"

There was Tula beside the foremast with his big harpoon in his hand; and beside Tula was one of the crew, a big American seaman, with a pin in his hand.

"We aren't going to have any floggings," said the American sullenly. "We've been hazed enough. Step over here, boy."

That was to me, but I hadn't time to step over, for the skipper bounded back on deck just then, trailing behind him a piece of tarred rope in one hand. In the other he had a big army pistol. He took in the situation at a glance and lifted his pistol in a sweeping motion.

"Get over to the rigging," he ordered me. "Mr. Stells, you'll do the flogging while I count."

"Captain Ward," said the mate, "don't you think, sir, we can go into this matter after we've filled our barrels?"

"We'll go into it now," replied the skipper, "and if you don't like to obey my orders you can go below too."

He glanced round and saw Tula and the American by the foremast.

"Put down that harpoon and step this way," he ordered Tula. "You're needing a touch of the rope also. You've been putting a hoodoo on this ship, you nigger. Step quick."

But Tula didn't move. The skipper raised his revolver and gave the order again.

This time Tula spoke.

"No come," he said distinctly, and the seaman beside him raised his belaying pin.

"Put down your gun, skipper," he said. "We've stood too much hazing."

The skipper gasped at the insolence of the man, and then threw up his gun as if to take aim. Bang went the gun and the seaman dropped in his tracks shot through the head.

"You, nigger, drop that harpoon and step!" he shouted, raising his gun again.

The whole thing took place quicker than it can be written. Instead of dropping his harpoon Tula sent it flying through the air.

✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦

It caught the skipper in the chest, the lance head coming out at his back, and the force of the blow hurled him across the deck. He must have been dead before he hit the boards.

A gasp went up from the crew. They had never meant mutiny; all they had hoped for was a delay in action so that they could lay their grievances before the sober skipper and get things settled somehow.

But tragedy had fallen on us in these few minutes and there were two dead men lying on the deck. Everybody seemed to be struck dumb.

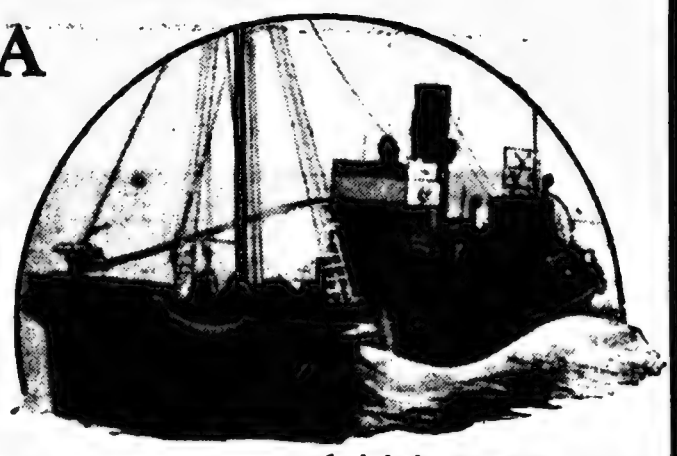
The second mate gave no orders; he didn't even attempt to arrest Tula. He walked to the rail and looked out over the sea, then down at the whale's carcase heaving beside the ship. The rest of us stood where we were, wondering what was going to happen next.

The whole thing looked as if it were a dream and we would wake up and find ourselves in our bunks. Tula was crouched beside the mast, his dark eyes watching, his white teeth showing. Somehow he seemed to have gone savage all at once.

I heard a step on the deck. The first mate had come up from below. He stood looking around, still chewing his tobacco. He took in everything slowly, while we all watched.

"Mr. Stells," he said, in an almost natural voice, "hadn't we better be getting the whale cut up? Looks as if the weather's going to break."

That was all, but it broke the tension. The power of discipline was so great that every man started forward as if an order had been given. Nobody took any notice of the two bodies. I went up and fastened the monkey-rope around



A whaler heads for home port, its catch chained alongside

my middle again and was slung over the side and landed on the whale again.

The hooking-in was made, the blubber was sliced and the work went on all day.

When I had finished my work I came on deck. There was no sign of the dead men. The decks were set for night work, the oil flares being set in position: the blubber was to be tried out.

As darkness came down, the whale's carcase was cut adrift, but work on deck went on. We never spoke to each other except in regard to the work at our hands. We worked by the flares.

Towards midnight the second mate gave orders for some canvas to be set.

I went forward to help with the foresail. The carpenter was next me. In the middle of the haul he suddenly said, "They're sewed up in canvas. Mr. Moran ordered me to."

I didn't answer, and no more was said; but down in the forecastle one of the old seamen looked over to Tula.

"Look out," he said gently. "Look out!"

✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦

Just before dawn I was in my bunk when I was awakened by Tula.

"Come," he said. "On deck."

Thinking I was wanted, I went up at his heels. There was nobody about except the chief mate, who was aft, besides the steersman. We were passing one of the islands.

Tula offered me his hand, and I shook it without knowing the reason or object. But next minute I knew. He ran across the deck and dived.

But the mate saw him. The ship was put about and a search was made. Tula was not seen. Whether he reached the island I don't know; but next day we pulled into the Society group and the bodies of the skipper and the American were landed and an inquiry was held with a French official as chairman of the inquest.

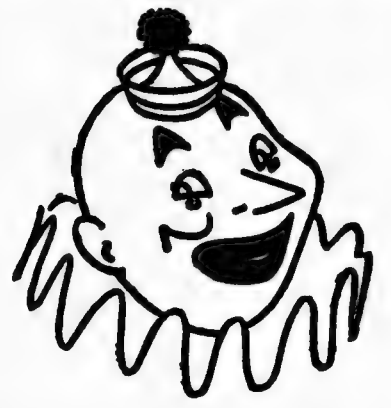
I was awarded one day's imprisonment for striking the skipper, and a verdict of murder was passed against Tula.

A week later we left to go after more whales, but never saw one until we rounded the Horn again.

Maybe Tula had really put a hoodoo on the ship to get back to his islands. That was the talk among the crew. Whether he was ever tried for his crime I don't know. There are plenty of places to hide among the islands.

I'm the clown on the POST TOASTIES packet.

There are stars and red dots on my jacket.



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"The Greatest of These—"

A Chapter of Accidents

THERE are three kiddies in Wales, whose ex-Service dad has had exceptionally bad luck since he was discharged from the Army in India in 1924.

In 1926 he was one of a hundred men dismissed from his colliery owing to bad trade. After three months at his next job he was buried under a stone which took seven men to lift.

He did not resume work until May, 1927. "From then on, not counting strikes," he says, "I have had an accident of some sort every year, once smashing a big toe, and the following year I nearly smashed my left leg.

Next he was nearly drowned in an inrush of water, and in 1931 his head was injured.

In March, 1933, whilst endeavouring to release a horse which had fallen pulling a load of coal up an awkward dip, he sustained a double rupture.

"From March to November, 1933," he states, "I had to keep my wife and children on 25s., not counting food for myself, and the school doctor ordered me to get extra nourishment for my eldest boy. And from November 29, 1933, until now I have had to keep them on 26s., but I have had to rob them of 4s. 6d. a week to pay my expenses to hospital.

And the children are so badly clothed that I nearly cry when I see them about with others who are a bit better off."

Any help, their rector guarantees, that the Fund can give "will be wisely spent on the necessaries of life."

We have no photos of the children, so we will take the little girl "Violet" as the luck-bringer. Any donations so earmarked, as well as subscriptions to the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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Summer days! with all the joy that summer brings—the sun, the sea and all the bounteous gifts of nature. Summer is the time for light dishes made with Brown & Polson's Flavoured Corn Flour. See how they sing for it!

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P.31

"No holidays till August!

Fagged out by June—"

"How I saved myself from SUMMER FAG"

Why is it some women are more full of life than others in summer, and have a better time? The answer is that *all* women should have life and "go" in summer — because summer is the best time of the year. But some women don't feel like this.

THIS WOMAN RISKED HER HUSBAND'S LOVE

The woman in this photograph was "Summer-Fagged." Her husband thought she looked tired and unattractive. "By the time he came home every evening I felt washed-out and depressed," she said.

To feel young and full of life in summer a woman needs strength-giving foods, especially if she has work to do. But most women can't take heavy, strength-giving food in summer. These women get "Summer-Fagged," doctors say.

HOW HALL'S WINE ENDS SUMMER-FAG

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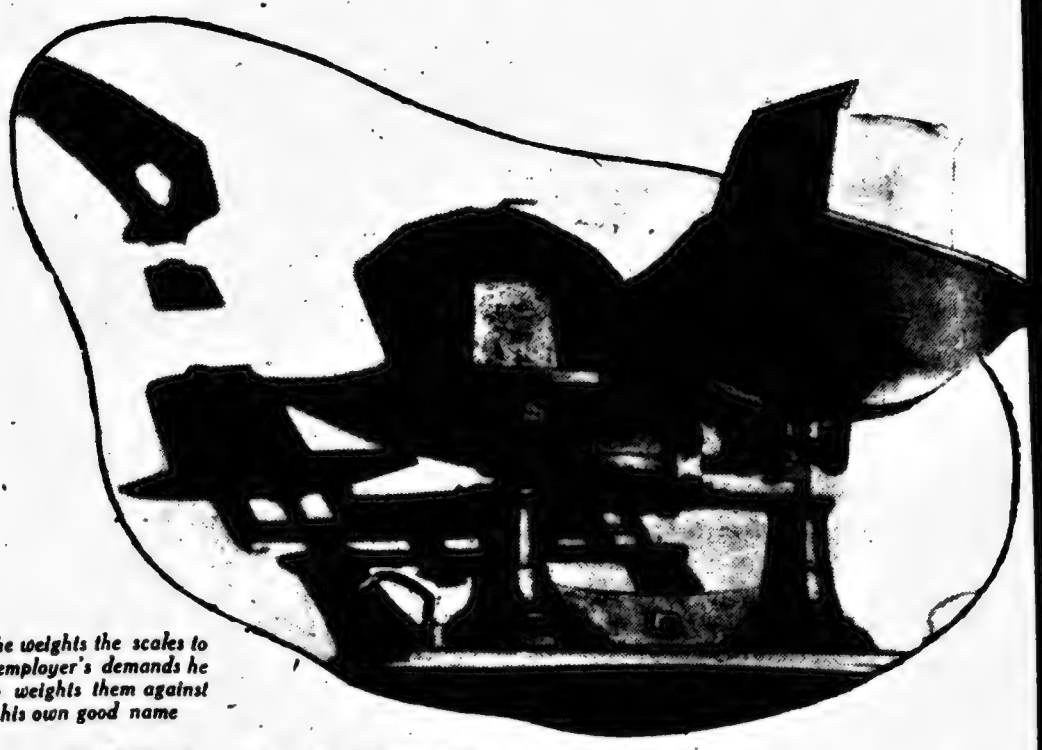
TEST TO-NIGHT—
FEEL BETTER TO-MORROW



If he weights the scales to his employer's demands he also weights them against his own good name

TEMPTED *by the* Dishonest Employer

A YOUNG fellow has just written to assure me that it doesn't pay to go straight! "A man in this town," he says, "has made pots of money and he is as crooked as they make 'em."

There is one simple answer to that contention. It is to be found in the police records at Scotland Yard.

A few of those who indulge in sharp practices may "get away with it." But they are constantly living on the edge of a precipice. And think of the worry and anxiety of a position of that kind. Then if they should go over the top, what dire consequences await both themselves and their families!

Honesty may not always seem the best policy, but it is the only game that pays in the long run.

Now, amongst my letters this week is one from a Scottish reader. It is very brief, but it raises a big principle:

"My employer," he says, "has, through a mistake, taken on a contract at a price that will mean a heavy loss. He has asked me to remedy the matter by giving short weight in the packages. If I refuse I might lose my job, which, naturally, in these days I can't afford to do, for not only myself, but my family would suffer. On the other hand, if the fraud should be discovered I would lose my character as well. I really don't know what to do and I shall be so grateful for your advice."

Now what is this man to do? Some people might say that he ought to carry out the instructions given to him. That is what he is paid to do. After all, they may argue, the fraud may never be discovered, and even if it were the employer would be the one to suffer.

BUT my correspondent sees the folly of adopting that attitude. He believes that if the short weight is found out the blame will be laid at his door. He holds that opinion because he knows that if his employer is capable of defrauding his customer he would not hesitate to cover himself at the expense of his workman.

Should that happen the consequences to my correspondent would be indeed tragic. He would not only lose his job, but his character would be ruined as well.

Dismissal, serious though it may be, is far preferable. He would at least keep his self-respect and peace of mind.

But is there not some other way out of this difficulty? My correspondent tells me that a mistake was made by his employer when tendering for this contract. That being so, surely the straightforward way would be to explain the error to his customer and see if some adjustment could be made. A reasonable firm would surely agree that it is unfair to expect people to trade at a loss.

If that contract could be amended all would be well. If not, that man has made a bad bargain and he should stick to it without either involving his own reputation or the character of his employee.

My correspondent is justified in placing these facts before him. I hope that as a result he will drop his dishonest proposal.

THERE is something very unsavoury, too, about the problem outlined by another correspondent:

"What would you advise me to do?" asks this reader. "In the village where I live there is only one public-house. The landlord is also the foreman at the local works, where I am employed as a labourer. Many of the men from the works frequent his bar and some of them spend the greater part of their wages there.

"And this is what happens: Regular customers are always favoured when there is any overtime going and they are always the last to be put on short time. I, for one, don't like spending money in this way, and yet it seems unfair I should have to suffer in consequence."

The action of that landlord is, in my judgment, not only unfair, but it is bordering on blackmail. "Pub-crawling" does not appeal to every man, and my correspondent is perfectly entitled to spend his wages in the way he thinks best.

The sooner the antics of this landlord are stopped the better. But this is not likely to be easy. These people are often clever enough to cover up their tracks. My correspondent should not only be absolutely sure of his facts, but able to prove them. Then he should discuss the matter with any others who have been similarly treated.

"Unity is strength" and in a body they should go to this man and say: "We don't intend that this victimisation shall go on. Unless, therefore, we get a fair deal we shall at once place the matter before the head of the firm."

I BELIEVE that this threat will be sufficient to make that man see reason. If it does not, the manager must be informed. I have no doubt that he would put a stop to the practice—he could not, on any grounds, approve of it.

Is it wise to trust a man who has gone wrong time after time—that is the problem a third correspondent asks me to solve.

"Six years ago," he says, "I was employed by a theatrical company. After working for some time I discovered that the manager was an ex-convict. It was a great shock to me, as I had become his confidential right-hand man. When he knew that I was aware of his past, he asked me not to split and said that he would never again commit a dishonest act.

"Shortly afterwards, however, sixty-seven pounds were missing from the week's takings. Although no official evidence could be produced, I felt certain that the manager had taken the money and later on he confessed to the theft. He told me a pitiful tale of domestic difficulties and pleaded with me to keep his secret. Within a year he was discharged on other grounds and six months later I also left to take up other work.

"The next I heard was that he had come another cropper because of his inability to run straight. Now he is managing another business, and this is where my problem arises.

"Last November I was discharged to make room for another man at half the salary, although at the time my wife had just given birth to a bonny baby boy for whom we had waited five years. Knowing my troubles, my late manager has now offered me a position under him, which I am very tempted to accept. But if I do so, I feel that I shall place myself under an obligation to him, and he might expect me to turn a blind eye to any irregularity he might commit.

"What shall I do? I cannot afford to let this chance of a job slip, and yet at the same time I don't want to do anything that might involve me in anything wrong."

Now, in considering this offer my correspondent has very substantial grounds for his misgivings. He knows this man's discreditable past. What he has done before he may attempt again. And this reader says quite rightly, "As I should be under an obligation to him I might be expected to turn a blind eye to any irregularity he might commit." That manager might want to employ him for this purpose. He may think that as he kept quiet on a previous occasion he could be prevailed upon to do so again.

ON the other hand, we may be doing this man an injustice. Nothing of the kind may be in his mind. He may have learnt his lesson from his past mistakes. He must know that the chance to make a fresh start will not go on for ever.

Now it would be different if my correspondent were already in a post and the present offer merely one of a bigger salary. If that were so he would, knowing his man, be wise to decline it. Unfortunately for him that is not the case. He has been unemployed for some months and is desperately in need of work. He has not only himself to think about, but his wife and that bonny boy for whom they waited five years.

I advise him, therefore, to accept this offer. At the slightest suggestion of anything wrong he could at once resign. And if he is able to save a little whilst employed he would be in a better position than he is now.

Philip Inman, JOHN BULL's "Humanist," will gladly help you with your difficulties. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a STAMPED envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

They give one glance and place us!

CB/49/3

Yes! they do indeed give just one glance, and the impression created is either favourable or results in complete lack of interest. It is often most important that a first impression be favourable.

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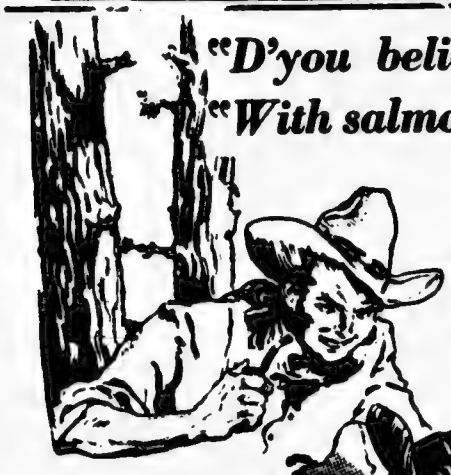
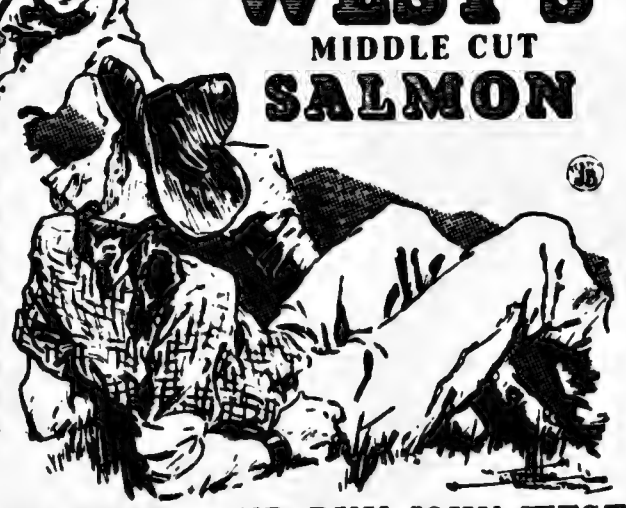
Get a tube of Pepsodent today and regain the sparkle in your teeth.

12



"D'you believe in luck, Sam?"
"With salmon like this for my tea —I sure do!"

JOHN WEST'S MIDDLE CUT SALMON



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Sufferers! Permanent relief for even most stubborn cases can now be had quickly and cleanly. The success of Pennant Pile Cure has been proved. Actually this remedy has been used for 200 years, but it was a family secret given only to a favoured few. The present proprietors now offer it to the public. If only you'll try it, you'll be thankful.

D. J. writes:—"*Thanks to 'Pennant' I am free of agonising piles for the first time for 15 years.*"

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Pennant Pile Cure is made up in painless, harmless pills taken at night—no messy ointments, doubtful drugs or troublesome purgatives. Swellings, pain, irritation and itching quickly go away and the tissues are restored to health.

FREE BOOKLET on Cause, Complaint and Cure on request. But if in pain now, don't delay—send 3s. 3d. for box of Pennant Pile Cure and the booklet will be sent with it, all post paid in plain wrapper.

THE PENNANT CHEMICAL PRODUCTS CO., 8, Medical Hall, Penygroes, North Wales.

YOUR dog hates the summer heat. His skin is non-porous, and so he cannot keep his blood cool by perspiring. On every hot day his blood overheats, and unless you keep his blood pure *by conditioning him in the correct way*, he suffers acutely, and soon loses his health and good spirits.

For over forty years thoughtful dog owners, including the world's most famous Breeders, have kept their dogs always fit by giving them Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which purify the blood, curing and preventing the blood disorders which make a neglected dog so miserable and so troublesome—**continual scratching, listlessness, sulky temper, loss of appetite, dull or loose coat, eczema and swellings between the toes.** Start to-day to keep your dog fit. Condition him in the correct way—a Bob Martin's Condition Powder 3 times a day on 2 successive days in every week.

1/- boxes of 21 powders; 6d. packets of 9 powders from dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores—everywhere.

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A WARNING TO STOMACH SUFFERERS

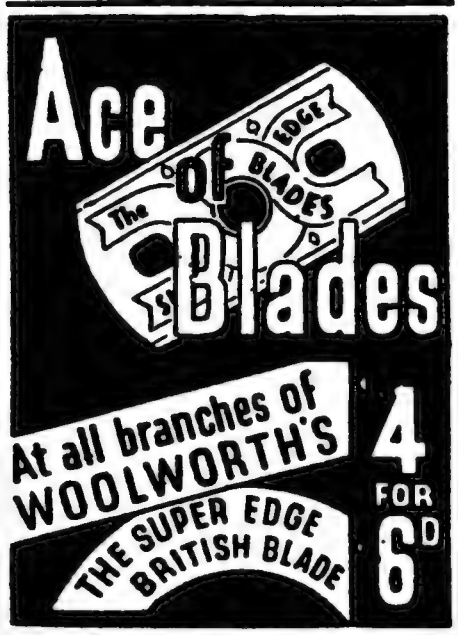
The amazing cures effected by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, even in cases where all else has failed, have brought on to the market so many imitations of its name and appearance, that you must be very careful to insist on the original product, bearing the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

The formula of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder depends for its effect on its very accurate balance. Any inaccuracy in its composition, any impurity in an ingredient can render it practically useless, and the price at which some of these imitations are sold makes it obvious that they cannot be compounded with the care and equipment used by Macleans Ltd.

The success of the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is largely due to the fact that only the highest grade ingredients are used, sifted through the finest silk to ensure that the powder is perfectly smooth, fine, pure and clean. All its intricate mixing and blending is carried on under the watchful eye of highly qualified chemists under strictly hygienic conditions. Even the very air is cleaned for your greater protection.

Health is too important to risk for the sake of a few pence. When you recommend Maclean's to friends advise them always to see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN" and always to ask for it under the full name of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. To ask vaguely for "Maclean's" is to risk getting an inferior article.

The genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is never sold loose but only in bottles in cartons. All good chemists stock it at 1/3, 2/- and 3/- in Powder and Tablet form.



DON'T BE A Zoo Fool!

IT was an almost incredible story that was told to a coroner's jury the other day. For a shilling bet a man jumped into the lion's den at Whipsnade Zoo to retrieve a hat, and had lost his life in consequence.

There were comments on his foolhardiness, a recommendation as to alterations to the pit, and one was left to imagine that the public would learn a lesson from it all.

Well, it will not, if the experience of Zoo experts and others who have the handling of our captive wild beasts is anything to go on. They know of a type that the strongest iron bars wouldn't keep out of danger.

Some are people who have been deluded into believing that all the talk of captive lions, tigers and similar animals being dangerous is just nonsense. One man who was lucky to get away with a scratch when he tried to stroke a lioness had heard that the Zoo animals were fitted with rubber teeth—like certain old circus beasts—and had been deprived of their claws to make them safe!

Most of the Zoo fools, however, are people who know the danger and are drawn into it as if by a magnet.

ONE might imagine that the young man who threw away his life at Whipsnade was the most foolhardy since the London Zoo, to whom this country sanctuary for animals belongs, began. But far from it. More than twenty years ago a young man who showed even far more blindness to danger tried to man-handle the most deadly type of cobra—and paid with his life.

Entering the Reptile House the worse for drink, he seized the cobra by its tail and then started to swing it round in wide circles.

It is clear what thought was going through his fuddled mind. Centrifugal force would keep the snake's deadly fangs well away from him!

But to his terror he saw the evil head, stamped with the black horseshoe mark that is the brand of the most poisonous of the species, arch towards him. The neck expanded on both sides of the head till it covered the head like the hood of a cape—sign that it was about to strike.

Then before he could think to fling it from him the hissing, spitting mouth shot towards him, the sinuous body bending into a hairpin. The deadly fangs shot out and encountered his face. And in less than an hour he was dead.

It was before the present Lion House was built at the London Zoo, and when each King of the Forest was cramped into a cage ten feet by fifteen with a brick wall for the back and sides to mope and yawn the whole day through, that the Zoo keepers kept under observation a man they regarded as a suicidal maniac.

HE was obviously an artist of sorts, intent on making drawings of the lions.

He would draw with his nose within an inch or so of a lion or lioness, always on the prohibited side of the barrier. If the beast looked too drowsy to suit the required pose he would prod him into life with his hand.

Time and again old Cocksedge, best known of all lion keepers and who was

This privileged visitor can safely place food in a tiger's mouth. But, unless you know the tiger very well indeed, don't you try!

said to look rather like a lion himself, told him to get out of it, and escorted him to a safer distance. Then the climax came when the astounded keeper caught the artist in the act of posing the lion with the crook of an umbrella, pulling this paw into this position, that paw into that, lifting his chin a bit, and so on.

"What's your name?" demanded Cocksedge, moving him out of danger again.

"Sir Edwin Landseer," replied the artist. And indeed it was the famous sculptor making the drawings for his now famous lions in Trafalgar Square.

"Well, you don't stay there," Cocksedge warned him.

Landseer was never allowed to take the liberty of posing the lions again, which probably accounts for his mistake of making his lions with both paws flat down on the ground, when actually one is always on its side, ready for quick striking, whether the beast is asleep or awake.

Incidentally, one of the choicest specimens of Zoo fools turned up on the day when the lions were to be moved from this old Lion's House, now fortunately pulled down, to their fine new quarters. He had turned up with a sponge, a bottle of chloroform and a plan for lassoing each lion in turn and then holding the chloroformed sponge to its nose.

WHAT the lion was going to do with its paws while the chloroforming was in progress he hadn't worked out. Anyhow, he was a surprised individual when he saw each lion walk slowly into a box at the crack of a whip and allow himself to be transported to his new home.

Oh, the stupidities of some of the people who glare through the rails! Some of them have showed far less intelligence than the captives on the other side.

The thousands of people wearing spectacles who have teased monkeys, and then, with their noses scratched open, gone to keepers with the complaint that their glasses have been stolen. The numberless visitors who have had fingers laid open by parrots, who hate being teased.

A motherly looking old soul who tried to tap a macaw's head with hatpin as if it were a kettle-drum had her hat torn off, her hair pulled down, and might have been stripped to the waist if help had not been readily forthcoming.

People have tried to make elephants jump with explosions, have pushed nails into them to test the thickness of their hide, have given them hot pipes as if they were food—never realising that the elephant, ordinarily the best tempered of creatures, can give way to terrible paroxysms of temper. Why, Jumbo, friendliest elephant in the Zoo's history, once ploughed the ground with his monster tusks and broke them off short in an awful rage.

People who even push or shove an elephant in temper must expect to be dealt with curtly by the keeper. The reason is a curious one. These friendly monsters have such a strong sense of justice that they expect punishment from their keeper if they do anything wrong.

But if anyone else tries to handle them roughly, and the keeper doesn't protest, he may as well resign his post at once, for the animal will no longer acknowledge him as master.

Remarkable liberties can be taken with animals—if they are used to you.

Seth Sutton, for forty years a keeper at the Zoo, once led an escaped lion back to its cage by the mane. Old Cocksedge needed no more than a bull's-eye lantern to enable him to take tiger cubs away from their mother, the most dangerous job that can be imagined.

A former keeper named Jones, stealing a swim in the hippopotamus's tank one very hot night in the belief that Guy Fawkes, the five-ton "hippo" was locked up in the adjacent compound, actually dived on to the monster's back. He went under water to avoid him, and found the hippopotamus had done the same thing, so that they came face to face at the bottom.

At the top, they met again.

He got out all right, and uninjured too. But in case any Zoo fool should think of deliberately doing the same it should be pointed out that the chances of an ordinary visitor under such circumstances wouldn't be one in a thousand.

No keeper would deliberately take such a risk.

NO, what visitors to zoos and all places where wild anmals are displayed have to remember is that every animal with powers to kill might conceivably do so.

Lions, tigers, jaguars can kill with a blow, elephants with one step of the foot, ostriches with a kick. There are deer-like creatures that can stick their horns into the heart of a lion as if it were a rapier. The laughing hyæna can crush the thigh bone of an ox with one snap of his jaws.

If you must touch, try the electric eel—with the permission of the keeper. He will give you a shock that will paralyse your arm for minutes, but at least will leave you unscathed!

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side Slips."

NEWARK EVENING NEWS (N.J.):—"Someone called for a glass of water. After a few sips he lay down for a few MONTHS' rest."

THE TORONTO STAR WEEKLY:—"She slipped her hand under my ARMY."

SURREY COMET:—"Men required, to represent company of highest renown; IMPEACHABLE character."

NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"The appetite of every cricket lover in their district has been whetted by Constantine's amazing FEET."

THE BULLETIN:—"A verdict of suicide while of unsound WIND was returned."

EVESHAM JOURNAL:—"The committee earnestly hope that all subscribers will keep up their contributions for this useful FORK."

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So—*don't be diffident*—send up your entry—remember there are nearly 250 valuable prizes to be awarded during June and July.

If you already have entry forms—use them! Otherwise, send the Coupon below for booklets containing full details of this all-embracing Competition, the prize lists, entry forms (no entrance fees) and interesting articles by the well-known personalities who are acting as Judges. Here are the Judges: **Golf Judge, Abe Mitchell; Cricket Judge, "Patsy" Hendren; Hiking Judge, Mr. S. P. B. Mais; Billiards Judge, Tom Newman; Model-Making Judge, Mr. C. H. Hayward; Gardening Judge, Mr. Walter Brett; Fishing Judge, Mr. R. L. Marston; Photography Judge, Mr. F. J. Mortimer.**

To: "232" Competition (Dept. J.B.3), 38 Wood St., London, E.C.2.

I am interested in the following Competition(s)—please send me full particulars and entry form:—

Golf ☐ Hiking ☐ Cricket ☐
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4 shades, 68 fittings (outsizes cost a little more)

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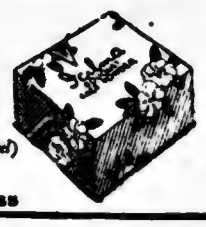

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Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 285.

Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 12/- (300).

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PRESCRIPTION THAT WILL GIVE YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 633** (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops that falling to pieces feeling.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription Tonic No. 633.

Prices: 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 12/- (432).

Here are further well-known **SHADFORTH** Prescriptions largely prescribed and used at this season of the year:—

"WHITE LIONS" or Stomach Tablets (No. 1077) cure Acidity, Gastritis, Stomach Pains and Digestive Disorders. Prices: 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144).

"BRAIN SPARKLERS" or Neurasthenia Tablets (No. 470), the mighty modern tonic for brain and nerves. Prices: 1/6 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).

REDUCE YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE with the Shadforth complete three-fold Treatment (No. 1108). It gives prompt relief and reduces the risk of a "stroke." Prices: 2/6 and 5/6.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order, or you can obtain privately packed and post free at these prices from:—

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PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.
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Are You Suffering NEEDLESSLY Each Month?

Specialist's Prescription Quickly Ends "Regular" Pains

WOMEN and girls who always have a "very hard time" each month, have reason now to be joyful. For now, with the introduction of Baxen Tablets, such suffering is entirely unnecessary. Literally thousands of women during the past several weeks have proved this for themselves. And their praise for Baxen Tablets exceeds anything we have ever met before. Read, for instance, this letter, picked at random from hundreds received:—

"I wish to tell you how much I thank you for your Baxen Tablets. They have been so helpful to me. Every so often, as you know, a woman has a certain bad week. I am always in terrible pain and am not fit for anything. I was at the end of my tether when my husband saw your advertisement. I took Baxen Tablets, and within 20 minutes I was able to carry on with my household duties. I shall not fail to recommend them to my friends. Thanking you once again for finding such a wonderful new pain tablet. I shall never fail to be without Baxen now."

Mrs. M. C——, S.E.7.

Baxen Tablets are a specialist's prescription. They contain no aspirin—no dangerous "drugs," and do not affect either the heart or stomach. Though they bring swift and blessed relief from those agonising periodic aches and pains, they are perfectly safe and do not in any way interfere with the natural function. Yet Baxen will see you through even the worst pain. Further, since Baxen Tablets are also widely prescribed for neuralgia, rheumatism, etc., you need have no hesitation in asking for them at your own chemist's. Sold in slim, flat tin (convenient for the handbag), 15 tablets for 1/3.

A FREE TRIAL SUPPLY

will be gladly sent you if you will write, giving your name and address, to Nurse E. B., c/o E. Griffiths Hughes, Limited, Manufacturing Chemists, 374, Adelphi, Salford, Manchester.

"I found Immediate Relief from Perpetual Indigestion"

"'Bisurated' Magnesia is the only thing which gives me immediate relief from perpetual sickness and indigestion."—A. R. Collins, Studland Rectory, Dorset.

Have you been disappointed in your attempts to make a complete recovery from indigestion, gastritis or ulcerated stomach? If so, why not profit by Mr. Collins' experience and try 'Bisurated' Magnesia. Here is a stomach remedy with over 20 years' proof of its efficacy; a remedy that has never yet disappointed a sufferer who gave it a thorough trial.

A teaspoonful of the powder relieves acute gastric pain in a few minutes. By the same aid habitual acidity is overcome, the stomach lining loses its tenderness, and you are able to enjoy and digest your food without pain and wind. With your digestive organs in good trim your general health will improve immensely. You will feel and look like a new being. Get a 1/3 bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia from your chemist to-day and take a dose after your next meal. The relief will be a revelation.

ACHING FEET

Add tablespoonful of Condy's Fluid to a basin of warm water. Soak feet in this. You'll be amazed. Throbbing, aching, pain, disappear. Swelling is reduced. Shoes can be worn in comfort. Feet are hardened, muscles braced, because Condy's in water makes *active oxygen*. Odourless, non-poisonous. Of all chemists, grocers and stores, bottles 1/- and 1/6.

It must be Condy's. (20)

THE GIPSY'S Warning

"Prophecy may make a happy heart" say the gipsies . . .

—Is It Worth Listening To?

THE "slump" has lifted for our gipsies! People incredulous about "fortune-telling" have suddenly become believers again—for the moment. But, beware! The gipsy's warning more often than not isn't worth listening to.

It was the success of Windsor Lad in the Derby the other day that has for the moment caused people to wonder if there isn't, after all, something in the gipsy arts of "serrikin" (forecasting) and "dukkerin" (fortune-telling).

When Blue Gown won the Derby in 1868, begins this newest addition to the history of the Romanys, Gipsy Lee—the Gipsy Queen of Kent—foretold that no other horse with a "w" in its name would win the classic race in her lifetime.

Well, she died last summer with that part of her prophecy fulfilled. No horse with a "w" in its name won any Derby from 1869 to 1933. Then, with her "curse" removed, Windsor Lad won it.

After such proof as that it would seem folly to hold out against the blandishments of such picturesque and fascinating people as the gipsies. Surely their powers of prophecy are proved? But first one or two doubts demand answer.

They are doubts in the first place because it is so often the rule that it is after something happens that we are told it was prophesied by the gipsies.

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GIPSY LEE was an obscure girl in her 'teens on Epsom Downs when she was supposed to have uttered this prophecy. To whom was it said? Why was it remembered? And why was nothing heard of it until recently?

Why, in particular, did the gipsies so widely tip "Orwell"—the favourite—for the 1932 Derby, when so great a leader as Gipsy Lee had a curse on the horse?

Let us turn to another prophecy of this same Gipsy Lee—who incidentally was a charming old woman of strong personality whose name will always be a treasured memory among those who knew her.

When she died in April of last year the news was given out that, two days before, she had heard a thrush singing in a near-by field; that this was the Romany death warning, and that she knew the end was near.

Her eldest son, an elderly man named Levi Boswell, added to this the news that she had prophesied his own death.

"Yes, she dated me as well," he announced from the steps of her caravan. "Two years next March she told me, and I know I'll go then, for she's always been right."

Well, Levi passed away last January, eight months after his mother. He too, it was announced after his death, heard the call of the thrush that foretold him of coming death, although those round his tiny caravan bed could have told him just as well.

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AND the day after his death the gipsies announced: "Her prophecy has come true! She was always right. Her last words were that her eldest son would die within a year."

Was there any dishonesty involved? As the Romany sees it, no! The gipsy considers it a prime duty to his wandering race to maintain public faith in Romany "serrikin" and "dukkerin," because it would be a hard, lean world for them all without that faith. And it hurts nobody—only fools.

Actually gipsies are remarkably bad prophets, as you will know if you have seen them trying to wheedle pennies on Epsom Downs when a certain gift of prophecy would bring them fortune.

The forecast a hundred years ago of a Mr. Petulengro—which means Mr. Smith in Romany—that "there is coming an invention that will cause the roads of England to be laid down with iron" is one of the few that have come to fulfilment. But then, vague forecasts are usually the safest.

More detailed is the forecast of a wise woman of a gipsy tribe who is supposed to have seen Richard III. strike his spur on Bow Bridge, Leicester, on his way to the battle of Bosworth Field, and to have told him thereupon that "where his spur touched so would his head touch on his return from battle."

The story proceeds that on his return he was leaning from his saddle, bleeding and wounded, when his head actually did hit this stone, and that it contributed to his death from wounds a few hours later.

The city authorities, who have commemorated this with a tablet on the bridge, however, are cautious enough to begin the story with "Tradition relates——." For history certainly doesn't.

Hard facts give little credit to the Romanys as prophets. Nevertheless it was unfair of a magistrate to ask a gipsy fortune-teller—as one did recently—whether she could prophesy what sentence he was about to pass on her, because he had it in his power to make her wrong whatever she said.

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IF gipsy prophecies came true—what a strange world it would be!! To take just a few of them:—

Kings would be ruling again in France to-day. The Great War would have finished in September, 1914. The world would have ended as far back as 1845—and on many occasions since.

The end of the Great War would have come with the Kaiser at the head of his troops and leading them to victory, according to the German gipsies, and with Lord Kitchener doing just the same for British arms according to gipsies over here.

Cities that have never known real calamity would have been wiped out by floods, tempests and earthquakes, great ships that never felt a bump would have been lost, and half of our women who are quite happy with blonde husbands would have been married to dark, handsome strangers at this moment.

So much importance is attached to weather in these days of aeroplanes and vast open-air sports events that you would expect our Romany-ryes to turn to this form of prophesying. But it is amazing how shy they are of the job.

For a joke, an official weather man persuaded one of the best-known Romany fortune-tellers to have a try—and considerable persuasion it needed. She went off into a trance, shook, said she saw clouds, clouds, and something light, very light, and that there was water, a lot of it, and she could tell no more.

Actually the weather turned out to be hot and brilliant—but did that crush her? It certainly did not. Something light?—sunshine, obviously. Lots of water?—the sea, of course. Clouds?—a heat haze. Hadn't she predicted fine weather at the seaside, and hadn't her prophecy come true?

One really wonderful prophecy has been fulfilled in our generation, in the last three years in fact. A German novelist wrote a work of fiction round the late Mr. Bata, the shoe king of the world. It was so unmistakably based on him that his lawyers had no difficulty in getting the work banned.

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THIS figure of fiction ended his life in an aeroplane accident. And a year after the banning of the book Mr. Bata died in an air crash in exactly the circumstances described.

A gipsy's warning? The writer was not a gipsy. An inspired prophecy? The author had intended to deal with his central figure in all sorts of ways before thinking of an air crash. No, it was the sort of thing that is bound to happen once in a way.

If the gipsies were as lucky their thousands of prophecies would yield scores of "miraculous" fulfilments like that.

Do gipsies believe in their own so-called "powers"? The answer is "No." If ever a gipsy has her fortune told, it is out of sheer fun.

They believe—some of the most superstitious of them—in the "gusvery mush," or wise man who can foretell on the general lines of Old Moore. But almost without exception they look on their clients as so many victims.

Their rules for "fortune telling" are passed down like so many commandments. Here are a few:—

"When thou wilt tell a fortune, put all thy heart into finding out what kind of man or woman thou hast to deal with.

"Fix thy gaze sharply, especially if it be a girl. When she is half-frightened, she will tell you much without knowing it.

"There is no man and no girl in the Lord's earth who is not vain about something. If you can find it out you can get their money.

"If she has naught but pretty hands, tell her how a pretty hand brings more luck than a pretty face."

And much more besides, all of it showing a wonderful insight into human character—our weaknesses in particular.

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WHO shall blame them, knowing the gipsy outlook on life?

"A little prophecy cheers up many a despondent soul," says the Romany, in rhyme and prose. "Drinking may either be wickedness or make a happy heart, and so with prophesying."

So let us listen, without believing; pay, but only with the intention of buying fun; allow ourselves to be surprised by an occasional "lucky shot," but not convinced.

For although the oldest ballyhoo in the world, and perhaps the most amusing, it is still ballyhoo.

GEORGE HAS TO BE AT THE GARAGE AT 5.30 A.M. TO TAKE THE FIRST 'BUS OUT. HE APPRECIATES THE QUICK LATHER OF PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM.

BUT ALGERNON THE AUTHOR, (LUCKY FELLOW) IS IN NO HURRY IN THE MORNING. HE LIKES PALMOLIVE BECAUSE THE LATHER DOES NOT DRY ON HIS FACE.

P.C. BROWN HAS TO SPEND LONG HOURS IN BITTER NORTH-EAST WINDS. HE APPRECIATES THE SOOTHING AFTER-EFFECTS OF PALMOLIVE CREAM WITH ITS PURE OLIVE OIL CONTENT.

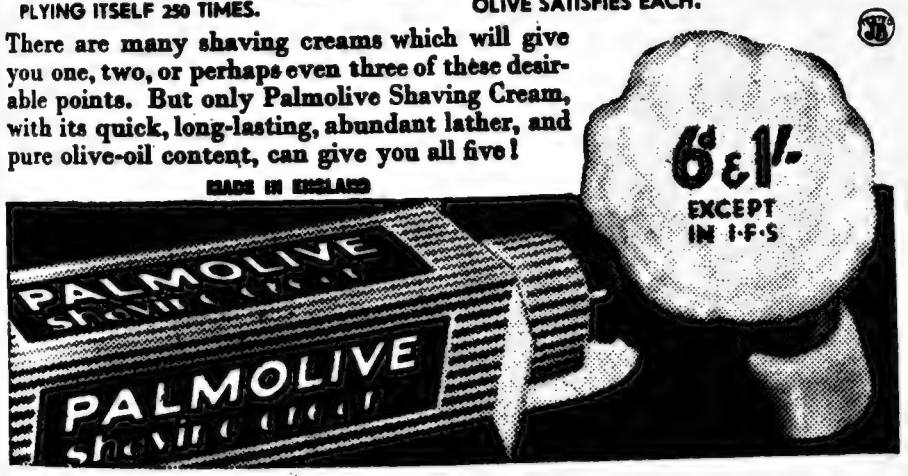
OLD TOM GREEN, THE GREENGROCER, HAS A TOUGH BEARD. PALMOLIVE CREAM, WITH ITS STRONG-BUBBLE LATHER IS A GOD-SEND TO HIM.

WHILE SIR SAMUEL BOOM, THE FINANCIER, WHO HAS EVERYTHING OF THE BEST, AND PLENTY OF IT, CHOOSES PALMOLIVE FOR ITS RICH REFRESHING LATHER, MULTIPLYING ITSELF 250 TIMES.

SO—HERE ARE FIVE MEN WHO HAVE FOUND COMPLETE SHAVING COMFORT. THEY ALL MAKE DIFFERENT DEMANDS ON THEIR SHAVING CREAM . . . AND PALMOLIVE SATISFIES EACH.

There are many shaving creams which will give you one, two, or perhaps even three of these desirable points. But only Palmolive Shaving Cream, with its quick, long-lasting, abundant lather, and pure olive-oil content, can give you all five!

MADE IN ENGLAND



ENERGY TO ENJOY LIFE FULLY FROM PHOSFERINE

"I can do all my work, and feel quite strong and well all the time, after taking the first small bottle of Phosferine. For nearly two years I suffered from Nervous Anaemia, Debility, Weakness, no appetite, and altogether run down. I could not hold up at all some days, and I had to have all my work done for me. I tried everything I could think of, but I found no benefit, until about three months ago when I started to take Phosferine, and I **began to feel more myself, my general health is so good, and blood richer. One could scarcely believe there could be a change of health so quickly. It seems like a new life to feel and look so well again. Phosferine gives one energy to fully enjoy life!"**

Miss J. Griffin, Blackfordby, nr. Burton-on-Trent.

BANISH ANÆMIA AND DEBILITY — USE

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

Influenza	Gastric Pains	Sleeplessness	Rheumatism	Neuralgia
Lassitude	Debility	Exhaustion	Headache	Maternity Weakness
Brain Fag	Indigestion	Nerve Shock	Sciatica	Anæmia

From Chemists, TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-
The 3/- is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

PHOSFERINE TONIC WINE is a very pleasant medicated Wine of highest quality. It is specially valuable during convalescence, after influenza, or other illness. **3/9** large bottle.

WRETCHEDLY ANÆMIC

Plight of the Growing Girl.

"She is wretchedly anæmic." Many a mother has cause to say this about her growing daughter. In the early teens a girl's strength is likely to be sapped by too rapid growth; this throws a strain upon her system which it is unable to bear, and so anæmia develops.

The first signs may be noticed by peevishness, a wayward temper, languor and headaches. The face becomes pale, palpitation and breathlessness follow, with low spirits. She may take a dislike to good, wholesome food, and develop an unhealthy appetite for sweets.

At the first symptoms of anæmia, mothers should act at once. Neglected anæmia often leads to decline, but if you see that your daughter's blood is enriched, there need be no cause for anxiety. The finest blood enricher ever discovered is Dr. Williams pink pills; the pure red blood created by these pills will quickly banish all signs of anæmia. They will build up your girl's health and ensure for her a healthy, robust womanhood.

So if your daughter is anæmic, give her a course of Dr. Williams Brand Pink Pills now. Of all chemists 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s. 6d.).

FREE. "Nature's Warnings" is a booklet that every woman and girl should read. Write to CG Dept., 38, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for a free copy.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

WITHOUT PURGATIVES OR CALOMEL

and you'll jump out of bed feeling you could push a bus over

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, liquid paraffin, fizzy drinks, palatable laxatives or harsh purgatives, and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels, and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason why you feel rotten is your liver. It should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel rotten. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those famous, sure-acting CARTERS BRAND LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely. But don't let them give you just any liver pills. Stand out for Carters Pills, the famous sure-health kind. Look for the name Carters on the package. At all Chemists 1/3 and 3/-.

To Banish Stiffness and Soreness *Take a Tonic Tub!*

After vigorous exercise, to prevent or banish all stiffness and soreness and guard against chill—here is the way!

6 RHEUMAGIC BATHS for 7½d

A teaspoonful in a hot bath makes you feel a new man!

Rheumagic (Brand) Liniment is exceptionally penetrative and pain-stopping. Just dab on for Sprains, Strained Muscles, Bruises, etc. Also in 1/3 and 3/- bottles from your Chemist. In event of difficulty send 7½d. in stamps for bottle to Pickups Ltd., 32 Smedley Street, London, S.W.8.

FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS

70 YEARS REPUTATION

For Children cutting their Teeth. Prevent Convulsions. Are Cooling & Soothing. Contain nothing injurious to a tender babe.

Sold in Stamped Boxes 1/3 & 3/- Also 1d. each or 2 for 1½d.

ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT YOUR CHILDREN'S HEALTH?

Fennings' "Every Mother's Book" will give the advice you require. Ask your Chemist for a free copy or send to:-

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—AS THE COUNTRY AIR

. . . . is the exhilarating tang of Euthymol Tooth Paste. Used every morning and evening it keeps the mouth and breath healthy, fragrant and deliciously fresh. You'll like the wholesome, cleansing foam of Euthymol. Laboratory tests show that it kills dental decay germs in 30 seconds. Your chemist sells large 1s. 3d. tubes or a week's sample costs nothing.

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Please send me a week's free sample tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste.

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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

Some cures are like a rocket—
and the sales come down like the stick
But "EASOFF" the public is finding good,
And we're building up brick by brick

The quinine chewing gum that relieves smoking easily. From Boots and many Chemists. Easoff (Pat. 343,562), 38, Broadmead, Bristol, 1.

RHEUMATISM

Why endure repeated attacks of crippling pain and stiffness? They are caused by clusters of needle-like crystals of uric acid which have settled in your muscles, joints and nerves, and the only way to get rid of them is to dissolve them. Bishop's Varalettes are composed of the most active solvents of uric acid known to science. They dissolve solid uric acid as easily as water dissolves salt. Take them as directed and they will soon give you complete relief.

Prices: 1/6, 3/- and 7/- per bottle.

Write for Booklet containing Dietary Chart and an Offer of a 30-days' Tri l Treatment.

ALFRED BISHOP, LTD., (Dept. J.B.), 43, Spelman St., London, E.1.

PILES ENDED WITHOUT SURGERY

OUR FREE OFFER

With the Magic Brand Three-Fold Treatment no case is too stubborn or too long-standing to be completely and permanently cured. The easy application and wonderful powers of absorption of the Magic Three-Fold Treatment are amazing. It soothes and relieves immediately after the first application, and effects a cure in the shortest possible time. Read what our cured patients say:—

Mr. P. H., of Cardiff, writes:—"I suffered for two years and spent pounds trying to get ease, with no result. Now, within three weeks of using the Magic Pile Cure, all pain and swelling has gone. I consider the treatment worth its weight in gold."

Mrs. F., of Kingston, says:—"The Magic Pile Cure has worked wonders with me. After suffering for six months I am now quite cured."

With the Magic Pile Cure there is no painful or dangerous operation to be faced; no harmful drugs to undermine the system; nothing to interfere with the daily routine. Just a soothing, healing remedy, easily applied, and affording relief with the first application. **Try this treatment at our expense. Write to-day and a complete 5/- Treatment will be sent FREE, post paid, in plain cover.**

MAGIC LABORATORIES, M.N.23, NEW COURT, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

Old Chargers NEVER DIE!

EVERY soldier who remembers 1914-18 will remember the martyrdom of the horses.

He will remember them by day, dumb and uncomplaining standing shivering and mud-caked under shrapnel fire in the transport lines. And, at night, stumbling their way in pitch darkness along the shell-holed roads behind the line crammed with the medley of men, guns, limbers and wagons, passing and repassing on the business of war.

No war for horses, said most men.

But when it was all over, when the "Cease fire!" sounded, when the boys came marching home again, what happened to *them?*

A few came home.

Thousands more after surviving four years of shell and bomb and poison-gas were sold into bondage for the rest of their days to foreign owners. Thousands of others, who because of wounds or sickness were not considered to merit even this fate, were sold for what they would fetch to the Continental knackers' yards. None of them, presumably, were worth a passage home, and the bulk of them were dispersed, no man knows whither.

Jorrocks comes back

Are they all dead and gone now—at last? Not a bit of it. Old chargers, like old soldiers, it seems never die! Somebody has had the inspiration to scour the records and trace the whereabouts of those that remain. And you will see about a score of these veterans at the International Horse Show at Olympia. It is an Old Comrades' reunion, but of a unique kind.

First of all there is Jorrocks, who is thirty years old. He served throughout the war in Palestine, Arabia, and Mesopotamia, coming unscathed through the countless engagements of the desert war. After the Armistice he was sold in the native market in Egypt for what he would fetch. After sixteen years a man who had once ridden him recognised him, bony and dejected, standing between the shafts of a cab in Cairo.

The Old War Horse Fund Committee were communicated with and they bought him. Jorrocks will now live in comfort and plenty till he dies. He is at Olympia, as a delegate, in a sense—as a representative of all those old comrades of his who will never see the green fields of England again.

Life in the old horse

You can see the stuff these old horses are made of by their amazing records. There is Sporty, for instance, twenty-seven years old, now owned by two women at Leatherhead. He went out to France in 1914, went through the lot without a scratch and was one of the lucky few to come home at the Armistice and be demobilised.

But Sporty did not settle down to a careful old age. He went in for hunting and *last month he won first prize in the Ladies' Hunter Trials at Chessing Chase against a field of twenty competitors, most of whom were young enough to be his great-grandchildren.*

Camouflage is another old warrior who has become an athlete in his old age. He went out to France in 1915, and spent most of that year in the Ypres Salient. Thereafter he served in most of the major engagements until the Somme in late 1916, when he was wounded by a shell splinter. He recovered and went "up the line" again. After the Armistice he came home and was bought as a hunter, working regularly until a year ago. He has won eleven Hunt races, including a three-mile steeplechase.

Taffy, a twenty-eight-year-old Welsh cob who is one of the veterans, owes his life to his master, Mr. S. B. Gillett, of Hessle, Yorks. Taffy, having served through the Palestine campaign, was doomed to be shot as so much horsemeat. But Mr. Gillett who had just saved his own charger from the same fate by buying it for £5, got Taffy thrown in. To get the pair to this country cost him £112.

Taffy, who went with his bigger brothers through many a desert cavalry charge, has spent the rest of his days pleasantly enough, pulling a trap through East Riding fields and lanes. He is now in semi-retirement, but likes to be saddled occasionally to give children a ride.

Thirty-year-old Jorrocks returns to England — "as a delegate, in a sense"

One of the toughest of the veterans who will be at Olympia and one of the oldest in length of service is Suzette, a twenty-nine-year-old black mare belonging to Capt. Adrian Bethell, of Rise Park, E. Yorks. Capt. Bethell bought her as a charger in 1911 when he was in the 2nd Life Guards and rode her in all the ceremonial parades at Buckingham Palace and Whitehall.

In 1914 she went out to France and was in the retreat from Mons. Then followed the Marne, Aisne, Festubert, Loos, Neuve-Chappelle, Arras, the Somme, St. Quentin and the March retreat in 1918. Suzette then took part in the cavalry actions of the great advance and stood again in Mons when the Armistice was signed.

Old friends

After that she came home and did a year's hunting, and then settled down to bring up a family. She bred six foals, three of whom carried huntsmen and whips of the Holderness Hunt, and a mare which has so far won fourteen point-to-points.

Two of the veterans at Olympia are lucky finds for their old masters. One of them is Bessie, who was the charger of Mr. A. H. Leach, of Fareham. She went to France with him in the 5th Dragoon Guards. Mr. Leach was wounded in the leg and on the same day Bessie received a nasty shrapnel wound. She would have had to be destroyed had not he saved her life by giving her his own iodine pad.

He lost sight of her until some time after the war, when he found her in a horse depot and bought her at once.

The other old friend found again is Lord Middleton's twenty-five-year-old Ragtime. He rode Ragtime throughout the Mesopotamian compaign, but then lost him. Some time after the war Lord Middleton was in Bagdad and recognised Ragtime in an opponent's horse in a polo match. He managed to buy him back, took him to India, where he had originally purchased him in 1914, and then back to England, where he introduced him to hunting.

Full of years, distinction and wounds, and fully living up to his name, is Warrior, belonging to Lord Mottistone. He is another Mons veteran who has had a charmed life. He was ridden by Lord French at Ypres and thereafter passed through many hands. He was wounded several times and was buried twice by shell bursts, once on the Somme and once at Amiens, when a shell made a direct hit on a house near which he was standing. Each time Warrior managed to scramble out.

Battle scars

All over twenty-five years are Sally, Angelina and Brutus. All of them were out in 1914 and were wounded, but all of them have hunted regularly since the war. Brutus, owned by Major Neumann, M.C., was hit at the Battle of the Somme and was hurt again in the last week of the war, when his owner rode him into barbed wire advancing at night in the final push. Despite all this, he managed seven hard hunting seasons.

There will be one veteran at the gathering at Olympia who will be familiar to all Londoners—Quicksilver, owned by Lt.-Col. P. R. Laurie, Chief of the Metropolitan Mounted Police. Quicksilver served from 1914 onwards and is covered with battle scars. Since the war he has kept up his full share of work, having been present on practically every big public occasion and important ceremonial which has been held.

These are but a few of the gallant little band who will be the most distinguished guests at the world's greatest horse show. In that proud spectacle of the cream of horseflesh they will be the proudest there. They endured with men the greatest ordeal that men have ever inflicted on themselves and they richly deserve the thousands of greetings, the salutes, which will be theirs.

MAGNIFICENT 25/- BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION GIFT FOR YOU
See Centre Supplement

How does the boss see you?

Like this...

..or like this?

You can't wonder at people not respecting a man who doesn't shave every day. And if he uses household soap you can't expect him to *want* to shave daily—it's too painful, because it's no more made for the job than a tar brush is for cleaning shoes. The lather is thin and dries too quickly. Not so the creamy, soothing lather you get with Lever's Easy Shaving Stick—just the kind that makes an "easy" path for the razor. Lever's Easy is made for the job. And great value it is too! Costs only 6d; but for these few coppers you get a clean, close, comfortable shave *every* time. See that Lever's Easy is on the household grocery list!

LEVER'S **EASY**
SHAVING STICK
100 SHAVES FOR 6d

E 836-172-88 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

When APPETITE has gone in SMOKE

YOU know the feeling: A muggy morning. Depressed outlook. Grey skies. No, we are not referring to the weather. Nicotine is the cause. Nicotine, Tobacco Tar, etc., absorbed from the previous day's smoking. And all so unnecessary. One *Nic-o-cin* pastille eaten last thing at night would have cleared everything up. By counteracting the after-effects of Nicotine, *Nic-o-cin* makes smokers as fit as non-smokers.

READ THIS SMOKER'S OPINION

"I have tried Nic-o-cin and find it just as advertised. In my opinion it would help people with bad nerves who smoke heavily."—From Dagenham.

6d & 2/6

per tin. From all chemists, tobacconists and stores. The 2/6 tin contains six times the 6d. size.

Nic-o-cin

neutralizes nicotine

—AND LETS YOU GO ON SMOKING

BOWLS FREE!
120 PAIRS GIVEN AWAY

Write for details.
E. J. RILEY Ltd.,
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Accept this FREE OFFER!

BROWN & POLSON'S invite every housewife to accept a free copy of an excellent book, "Simple Home Cookery," containing useful and invaluable recipes for Summer dishes. Write at once to Brown & Polson, Ltd., Dept. 81, Paisley. A postcard will do! Be sure to mention "John Bull." See p. 25.

"THIS IS WHY I'M NOT ASHAMED OF MY LAVATORY NOW ....."

"I USED TO DO THIS—till I found that the old-fashioned brush *couldn't even reach the bend in the pipe* as Harpic does, so it couldn't possibly be expected to clean the lavatory-pan properly. Scrub as I would the brush was useless."

"HOW JUST THIS REGULAR SPRINKLE of Harpic cleans and disinfects the lavatory thoroughly and safely for me in one operation without disagreeable scrubbing, and *removes the cause* of odours. So I have thrown the brush away."

"A CLEAN, SANITARY LAVATORY-PAN is ensured by the *strong disinfectant action* of Harpic. It kills germs and leaves the pan spotless—without unpleasant work, or dangerous acids. Harpic is a protection to your family's health."

HARPIC —CLEANS and DISINFECTS LAVATORY-PANS. 6d. 1/- & 1/9 HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD. HULL AND LONDON —**HARPIC**

RHEUMATISM

Relief or

WE BEAR COST OF TREATMENT

This famous 88 years old remedy gives such wonderful relief from pain that the proprietors of Eade's Pills rely entirely on SUCCESS for their profits. They actually offer to refund your money in full, after you have taken three-quarters of your first bottle of Eade's Pills, unless you are satisfied that they are relieving you, no matter how badly you have been suffering from rheumatism, rheumatic gout, gout, sciatica or lumbago.

FREE!

Unless you are delighted with the result, return the remaining contents of the bottle and its original wrapper to George Eade Ltd. (Dept. K.1), 232, Goswell Road, London, E.C.1, and YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED IN FULL!

WRITE FOR Free booklet on the treatment and diet for rheumatism; also free sample of Eade's Anodyne, which is marvellously effective for use in conjunction with Eade's Pills. All post free on application to above address.

EADE'S PILLS

1/3 and 3/- a bottle from all chemists. Refuse all substitutes.

1s. Week

THE ALL BRITISH CYCLE

SENT FOR 1/-

PACKING FREE, CARRIAGE PAID to Approved Orders. AN AMAZING OFFER. Promise 2/- fortnightly and state your height and inside leg measure. Best All British Materials and Best All British Manufacture for Easy Riding, Etc. DUNLOP Champion Tyres, Rims, Saddle, Etc. All Complete. Guaranteed 50 Years. Gent's 70/6, Ladies' 80/-. Worth Double. Free Accessories. Delight or Money Back. FREE Bargain Catalogue "Ladies' and Gent's Models, Racing, Sports—Tourists, Juveniles, Etc. All at Reduced Terms—The Lowest obtainable in the British Isles.

8. NOW

PAIN'S PRESENTS HOUSE, Dept. 10MR. HASTINGS

10 agents THE BIG TWO Send direct

LETTER COMMISSIONS

WINNINGS BY RETURN.

1/-, 2/-, 2/6, 5/-, 10/-

UP TO ANY AMOUNT

MAY BE INVESTED BY LETTER

In accordance with rules.

Daily Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race WILL BE ON at FULL STARTING PRICE (or Totalisator Odds if desired).

Registered letters must be posted overnight.

GREYHOUND RACING

Commissions accepted for all meetings licensed by the N.G.R.C.

NO LIMIT—WIN OR PLACE

FOR SINGLE EVENTS.

FREE POSTAGE

EVERY COMMISSION ACKNOWLEDGED WITH STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

USE THIS COUPON

Please send Greyhound Rules and Long Odds Future Events Price Lists. I am over 21 years of age.

Name .....

Address .....

Town .....

County ..... J.B.

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H MAURICE Ltd 227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW C.2

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

INSTEAD of joining the other boys at games during the morning break at school I used to slip off to the empty cricket pavilion and smoke cigarettes.

One day I was disturbed, but, throwing away my still lighted cigarette, I escaped without being noticed. That day the pavilion was burnt to the ground.

Suspicion fell on another boy and eventually his father was asked to take him away. I wanted to confess, but was too frightened, and when I saw him leave I wished most heartily that I had never been born.—*"Non-smoker," Northants.*

Frost-bitten

During a nine-mile trip with a load of timber in mid-winter in Western Canada I was caught in a severe blizzard, with a temperature of 35 degrees below zero.

As a result I received severe frost-bite in my right foot. On reaching home my foot was immersed in a bowl of cold paraffin, and the agony I suffered while the frost was leaving the limb made me wish I had never been born.—*G. R., London.*

Not So Noble

Cultured, clever, gentle and generous, my father personified the type of man I myself hoped to become. Respected by everybody in our neighbourhood for his learning and kindliness, he was induced to accept the honorary treasurership of a poor children's outing fund.

One day he had a heart attack and died.

It was at the graveside, while listening to the clergyman's glowing tributes to my father's nobility of character, that I wished I'd never been born. I had examined his private papers that morning and discovered he had robbed the poor children of nearly £300.—*J. H., Sheffield.*

All Lost

Wanting but a few runs for victory, I took my stand at the wicket. My captain's instructions were to "keep my end up," and to let the other and better man get the runs.

But I put myself before my team; I thought of the glory of making the winning hit, and of how the crowd would cheer. I hit out blindly at the first ball and was out.

The groans and jibes of the crowd were bad enough, but I wished I'd never been born when I learned that the local hospital would have received a hundred pounds had we won.—*C. A., West Country.*

Wished Twice

The burn ran deep and violent in Spring spate. My brother and I rolled stack-props into the burn and watched them toss and rush toward the distant loch.

Then father appeared and ran down the bank, salving his runaway property. He came to a bunch jammed against a rock, and, in trying to dislodge them, went headlong in.

He was under and out of sight for what seemed a long time, and I wished I had never been born. I wished it again when he emerged on the opposite bank and came up the field toward us.—*D. M., Bakewell.*

I Wished I'D NEVER been BORN when—

The Wreckage

A splintering, grinding crash, and the mighty express, carrying my fifteen-year-old son and I to our first holiday, lay a mass of twisted wreckage.

To make matters a thousand times worse, fire broke out, whilst the cries of the injured were appalling. Suddenly I saw my son pinned beneath an iron girder, and less than a yard from the roaring flames.

The moment I wished I had never been born was when a surgeon dashed up and said that only amputation of both legs could save my boy, and forthwith knocked the lad unconscious and operated.—*"Sad Mother," Kent.*

Lost Self-control

Some years ago I had a good job with a firm that suddenly went smash, and in my despair I gave way to drink.

One night, upon returning home drunk, my wife remonstrated with me, and, losing my self-control, I smacked her face.

In the morning I awoke muddle-headed but not too dazed to notice the livid marks of my fingers on her dear face, and I hated myself so that I wished I had never been born.—*L. L., Lade.*

Terrible Burns

A leakage of gas had been detected in the laboratory of a local scientist, and as a young gasfitter I was sent to effect repairs.

My task was soon accomplished, and I took the opportunity of looking at the various instruments on the shelves. Amongst these was a tumbler of water containing lumps of a bright yellow substance. The smallest I extracted and placed in my pocket before leaving.

To-day I carry permanent marks of the terrible burns I endured when that phosphorus made me wish I'd never been born —*"Nosey No Longer," Perry Bar.*

Tragic Holiday

As leader of a boys' club I organised a summer camp during my annual holiday.

Thirty-two of us set off for a happy holiday by the sea. But tragedy came our way, for two boys, who had strayed from the camp to take a dip, were both drowned. Imagine my despair at having to accept this awful responsibility, and break the news to the boys' parents.

That never-to-be-forgotten day I heartily wished that I had never been born.—*"Agony," Liverpool.*

Useless Treatment

A little boy was knocked down near my house; there was a surgery near by, but, burning to use my newly acquired knowledge of first aid, I treated him myself before sending for the surgeon.

He came too late. When he arrived he told me that had the boy been taken to him immediately all might have been well.

My efforts had done no harm—but no good. Under his rebuke I shrank, feeling a futile fool who had better never have been borne.—*H. C., Brighton.*

Disastrous Venture

My schoolboy pal paid a great deal of attention to what his mother told him, and I used to scoff at him for it.

As a result of my jeers one evening he was induced to play with me in a timber yard near our homes, and to which he was forbidden to go.

His misgivings while on the top of a stack of timber only served to amuse me, until a log gave way and my little friend fell twenty feet to the ground. He has been a cripple ever since.—*W. W., Merseyside.*

Looks, Not Words

Ever since I was a child I have been possessed of a very quick temper.

One morning when out for a stroll a small puppy ran under my feet, causing me to overbalance. I immediately commenced to thrash it with my walking-stick, an action which resulted in my appearing at the police court to answer a charge of cruelty.

It was not the magistrate's words so much as the looks I received from people I knew that made me wish I'd never been born.—*G. I. P., E.13.*

* * *

When the boss said "You're fired" and I lost, after five years, the easiest job man ever had. Yet to-day I am glad; it shook me up, and I've got a far better, if harder, job.—*K. M., W.1.*

When I was sixteen my mother and father parted, and I had to choose which parent I wanted to live with.—*G. E., Southend.*

When I had given up my job, was ready to sail to Australia and my brother-in-law cabled me that my sister had died in childbirth.—*Miss M. James, Penge.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Owning a RACEHORSE

A READER asks if it is possible to obtain a useful horse at a reasonable figure.

Well, the initial cost may only be a hundred or so pounds, but trainers' charges, general upkeep and entrance fees run away with a small fortune.

One of our most famous peers stated some time ago that every horse he kept in training cost £600 annually.

Anyone can claim a horse to which they take a fancy, providing the race is a "seller." The animal can be claimed for the value of the stake—usually £100 or £200, plus the advertised selling price of the horse—£100 or £50.

One might say: Why not buy the winner rather than the second or third, or one of the "also rans"?

The answer is that if the winner is any good there will be competition and the price is run up to several hundreds.

The claiming rule in its present form is new, but advantage has been taken of it once or twice.

At Gatwick, Lord Glanely's Lawn Meet was claimed and at Newbury I saw Tilley Bloomers pass into new ownership. Both will win races.

Windsor follows Ascot. I trust the Berkshire meeting will be truly royal for "J.B." readers.

If it is the question of getting out at Windsor I advise following the favourites.

At the moment of writing I like Effaceable, Rasta and Sea Lord.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 21, to Wednesday, June 27.

A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F O
K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

GZKD9498JS would read FLAMENCO.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. R94Z29398F96S98 would read WELLINGTON.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, June 26.

When there was a Hoodoo on Me.—

(*See article on page 7.*)

£1,000 BEAUTY INSURANCE — for 6D

A new and novel plan makes it possible for any woman to insure her complexion against wind and rain, as well as perspiration from dancing in overheated rooms. Mousse of Cream, a remarkable discovery now contained in Poudre Tokalon, prevents your nose from getting shiny and makes your skin smooth as satin. It is so clinging that one application lasts all day. You do not need to be constantly using the puff. Your complexion is insured against shine by Tokalon £1,000 guarantee to return your money if Poudre Tokalon does not give you a beautiful 'dull finish' complexion and end constant powdering. 6d. and 1/ a box.

It may be fatal to wait until you feel the Danger of this Curve

NEGLIGENCE in control of your girth leads to accumulation of fat or distended abdominal organs.

Sooner or later the menace of abdominal degeneration will undermine your health. Once fat begins to choke the abdominal organs a whole train of evil symptoms follow. Weakened musculature permits the viscera to sag. There is undue pressure upon the lower cavity. Prostate gland and hæmorrhoid trouble may follow. Fatty infiltration affects heart, liver and kidneys. Digestion is impaired. You are easy prey to abdominal disease.

British Patent No. 279477.

Happily you may avoid all this. Correct at once any tendency to bulging waistline by the remedial action of the Linia Belt. This enables you to regain and retain the slim taut line of athletic youth. The Linia Belt supports the abdomen, restoring normal tone and preventing the formation of excess fat.

Write for our free illustrated booklet, "The Danger Curve."

YOU CAN ORDER BY POST

We will fit you personally if you are able to call; but we can also fit you if you will send us by post your maximum girth measurement and the depth of belt required in front (usually 9 or 10 inches).

The price of the Linia Belt, Standard Model, is 35/- (with Jock Strap 42/-; Popular Model 3½ gns., black 4 gns.). C.O.D. 1/- extra.

Money returned if dissatisfied.

On Sale only at J. N. ROUSSEL, 173 Regent St., W.1

Telephone: Regent 7570.

MANCHESTER: 8 King Street. **BIRMINGHAM: 14 New Street.**

(L47)

Your Holiday Puzzle Solved

Glorious Blackpool with its seven miles of clean, golden sands and bracing breezes. Gaiety and pleasure indoors. Sport in the wide open spaces. The sea and the wonder bath. Peace and contentment in its Parks and Promenades.
Blackpool is a tonic for the whole family, and offers the greatest variety of holiday pleasures ever.
Send a p.c. for your FREE HOLIDAY JOURNAL to Mr. W. Foster (Dept. 38) Town Hall, Blackpool.
BLACKPOOL

KEEP 'ASPRO' AND KEEP SMILING

Make a resolution this summer to get every minute of joy out of your work and leisure. Don't let pain or nerviness interfere—there is no need if you keep 'ASPRO' handy. It will stop your headaches—banish pain and soothe away your nerviness and irritability in a few minutes. 'ASPRO' means a happy week-end which might otherwise be spoilt by petty complaints such as sunglare headaches—rheumatic twinges common at the seaside—irritability—sleeplessness, etc. So why not act on our suggestion—keep 'ASPRO' handy and—

DON'T LET PAIN OR NERVINESS SPOIL YOUR WORK OR PLEASURE

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents:
COLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD.
('Aspro' Dept.),
SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Telephone: SLOUGH 608.
No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.
MADE BY ASPRO LTD., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

EXTRA TABLETS FREE!
The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains ten extra tablets equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO'. The next cheapest way is the 1/3 packet, which contains two extra tablets.

READ THESE LETTERS

'ASPRO' WONDERFUL FOR HEADACHES & NERVE PAINS

Dear Sir, Wanstead, E.11.

Being a sufferer from severe headaches nd nerve pains a friend recommended 'ASPRO' tablets and I am pleased to inform you that they are splendid and the benefit and relief I have got by taking them is simply wonderful. I shall always have a box handy in future. Wishing you every success. Yours truly, B. W. (Miss).

'ASPRO' ALWAYS IN HOME

1, Pasture Row, Eldon, Bishop Auckland Co. Durham.

Dear Sirs,

I have derived great benefit from 'ASPRO.' I had Rheumatics in my feet and walked about with great difficulty. I bought a box, gave them a fair trial, and feel that there is nothing better. I have tried many remedies but 'ASPRO' has been the most effective. I would not be without them now. They have also given me instant relief of a very severe headache. I think every woman ought to keep 'ASPRO' always in her home. Wishing your firm every success,

I am, Yours faithfully,
A. M. EDGERLEY.

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis and act as a deterrent.

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3D 6D 1/3 2/6

FINE PENSION AND HOLIDAY PRIZES FOR "JOHN BULL'S" X-WORD

£5 EVERY MONTH FOR LIFE AND £300 AND £25 HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY

Commencing August 1, 1934

OR IN HIGHLIVE MORE £600

INCREASED HOLIDAY PRIZE FOR RUNNERS-UP £150

£100 BONUS AWARD

FOR RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE RECEIVED TWO 6D. ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

BANISH all holiday problems for the rest of your life with a Crossword entry this week!

Yes, you can do that—and much more. In addition to the right to a £25 Holiday Cheque on August 1 yearly, commencing at once, that First Prize won outright would mean for you a cheque for the splendid sum of £300 cash.

Nor is that all. To your Annual Free Holiday and your substantial cheque, "John Bull" undertakes to add a £5 monthly Life Pension to remind you constantly of your success for the rest of your days!

Those who just miss the First Prize will also have good cause to remember this Contest, for there is the increased total of £250 in holiday cash to be divided as announced amongst Runners-up.

JOHN BULL will pay a Life Pension of £5 a month. £300 Cash and a Holiday Cheque yearly of £25 (or a lump sum of £600) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution.

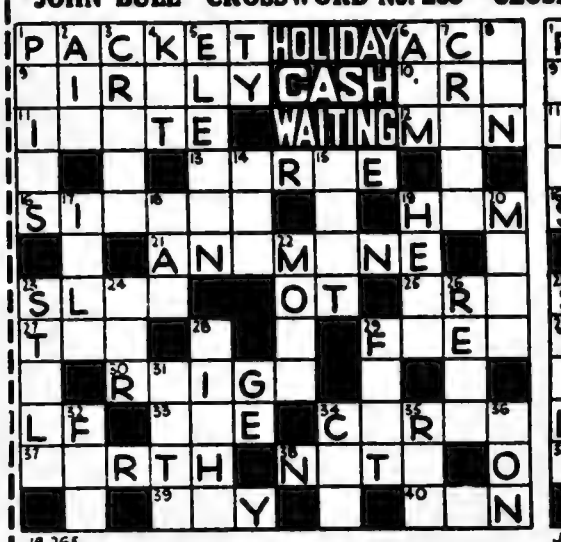
An increased Holiday Prize of £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution.

An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope.

Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 5, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 12.

ENTER ON SQUARES BELOW.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 265—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1934



JB 265

JB 265

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value.....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

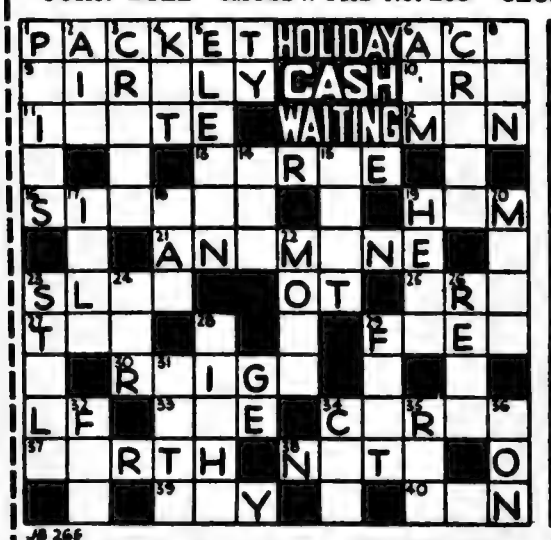
ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 265—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1934



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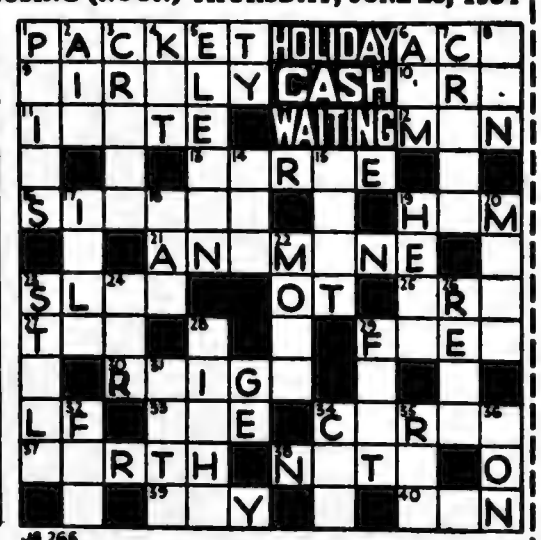


JB 265

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value.....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 265, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Parcel
6. Part of a play
9. Lightly
10. Wrath
11. Wrathful
12. What he becomes when 21
13. Part of a poem
16. Is in charge of nurses
19. Border of a garment
21. Pretty spring flower
23. Slang name for policeman
25. Is admired at Academy
27. Golfer makes drive from
29. Indicates there's nothing to pay
30. Time a sovereign rules
33. Spinster hates giving hers away
34. Horse-drawn vehicles
37. This world of ours
38. You like to have one in case
39. Pigs live here
40. What savage lion makes

DOWN

1. What many games demand
2. We breathe it
3. Mind these when choosing a bathing place
4. Hiker carries on back
5. Team of cricket players
6. Marksman takes careful one
7. It comes in with new-fashioned hats
8. Number of Premier's house
14. Before
15. Man who often hits the mark
17. Man's character is thus described
18. Don't leave it leaking
19. Listen to
20. Keeps man looking for work
22. Word that poets love
23. Grandma's reminds us of days gone by
24. Short for "over"
26. Troublesome tenants give landlord little of this
28. Enables shop assistant to enjoy leisure
29. Pay the rent or get out of this place!
31. Consumes
32. You won't get this if you're always playing games
34. It supplies something good for youngsters
35. Most pillar boxes are this colour
36. He often resembles father

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE, for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, June 28, 1934.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit **TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS**, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than **TWO ENTRY FORMS** from this page, plus **TWO** from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 12, 1934. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, July 24, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £150 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £600 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

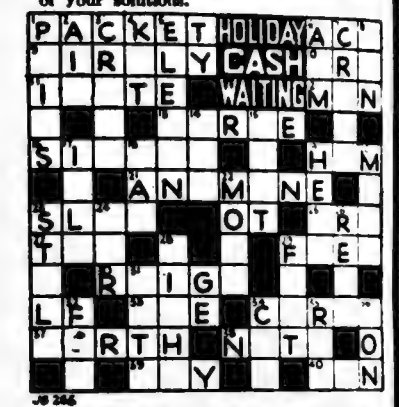
Solution of "John Bull" Crossword 263

Winners in 262 on page 40. Result of 263 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 263 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

JB 263

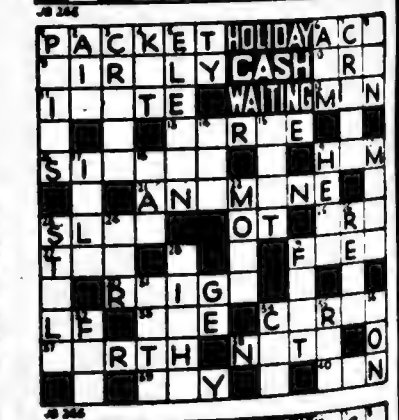
KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



JB 266

JB 266



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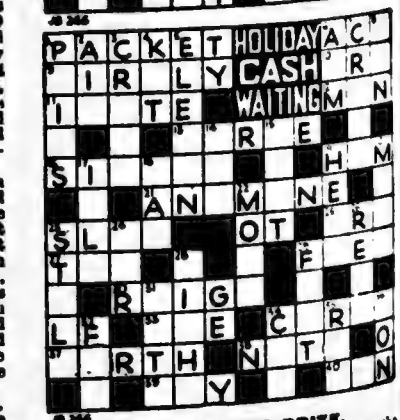


JB 266

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

FREE HELP

with "John Bull's" Puzzles awaits you in the Crossword Gazette. Register on Bulletin coupon in "Bullets" page.

LOOK OUT FOR **RECORD HOLIDAY X-WORD COMING** DETAILS NEXT WEEK

Portsmouth).—"I have tattooed in fifty different Sounds as if you're a man.

L. (Barrow-in-Furness).—nen are keen to get out beautiful summer day." cricket.

edon).—"The 'bus driver, er off than the passenger." re of a seat.

ham).—"Brazil nuts are h." Not if you use a nut-

mouth).—"Where is the We can't imagine the g lost.

).—"I am sure acrobatic le." Yes, especially if you ick turnover.

* *

hester).—"The moment I ory I am all eyes for a ." *The moment you clock it.*

* *

g).—"I know a Mr. Storm to a Miss Tempest." They be courting trouble.

r (York).—"I'm extremely mosquitoes." It's usually ound.

lford).—"Children believe edible stories." They will anything.

rd).—"Do you think it true ught a trout with a walk- o, fish never carry them.

idge).—"What goes on be- s in a theatre?" Grease

em).—"I hate stopping in hope the Australians will imilar feeling.

rk).—"I have to fight all battles—he is a little grey n." Always getting into a

ER (Hastings).—"While on e part in a tournament I ross a field by a bull." Did umber of quick moves?

* *

erbury).—"More than any- want variety in education." *ur cigarette cards already mprehensive list of subjects.*

* *

end).—"She stole a pair of shop and pleaded that she inded." A clear case of .

wich).—"The boy with red acute hearing." We doubt he'd have heard the teacher hind him and dodged.

ter).—"Some modern girls nimated dolls." Except that ll "Mamma" when they're

on Walden).—"I cannot get f my puppy because he will ing down." He won't stand

nfield).—"Although I did straight running, I gained as a hurdler." You leaped

(Newcastle).—"My busi- ered such a blow that it is k." Well, now is its chance ing up!

* *

rdener (Didsbury).—"I was when the judge gave me the he largest cucumber." Why, ed it as a vegetable marrow?

* *

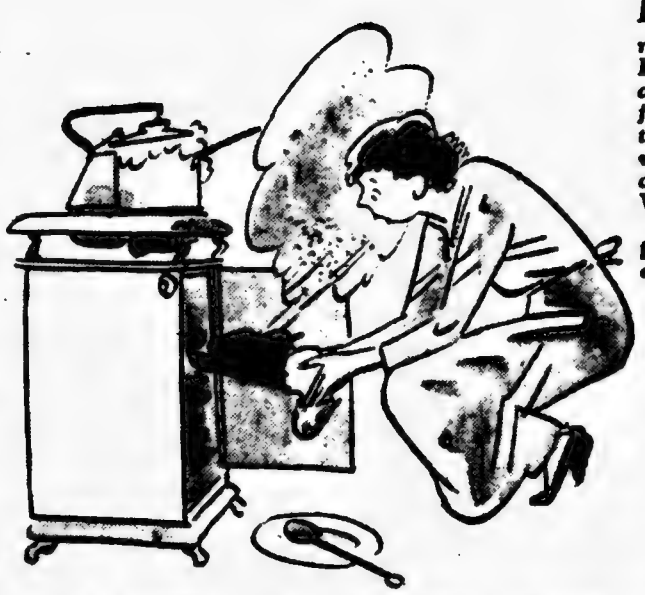
dinburgh).—"I am a sprin- ndreds of supporters." Are hat your rivals will follow mer, too?

l).—"A man recently went ys without eating." Maybe d given him some particu- nable medicine to be taken al.

Bushey).—"One of the fill- near here is owned by a captain." That must have we heard shouting "All men !"

. Albans).—"The apathy and k of taste of the British ic is as depressing as it is Perhaps your next novel will sale.

ehead).—"Hopping on alter- st thing in the morning is health." Not if the occupant elow is a heavyweight boxer d to rising before ten.



C. N. (Wapping).—"My wife cooks things right royally." You mean like Alfred the Great?

The EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

The KID

EXPERT (Aston).—"I cannot imagine who started the ridiculous rumour that hot ash dropped on to an expensive carpet was good for it." We think we can—a husband.

INCOME-TAX demands are coming along, and readers wanting advice on Income-tax problems, or on any other subject, can obtain free expert advice by sending their queries to "John Bull," with a stamped and addressed envelope for reply. Write to-day.

The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for entertainment.

D. R. (Oldham).—"What can a man do nowadays with £3 per week? Spend it.

J. M. (Shrewsbury).—"A one-time heavyweight is now a very successful farmer." Has his wheat got thick ears?

G. T. (Ripon).—"Every woman's face tells a story." And more often than not with coloured illustrations.

P. R. (Southampton).—"When I'm not feeling well, I go for a cruise." It's just the reverse way with most people.

R. J. (Limehouse).—"Down our way some people regard policemen as a disease." Catching, of course.

* * *

T. Y. (Hendon).—"I saw my dentist leaving the Inland Revenue Office, with a pained expression on his face." So even a dentist doesn't like things being dragged out of him.

* * *

P. R. (Frome).—"Grannie doesn't like our new car." Doesn't she like the shape of its bonnet?

POLLY (Grays).—"What would you call a dog that bit you?" We should ask its owner to call it off.

T. C. (Derby).—"If I posted a letter to the silliest man in Britain what would the post officials do with it?" They would return it to you.

F. S. (Scunthorpe).—"I had always thought him to be a very tall, but now I find he is a rather short, person." He was high in your estimation.

* * *

Maurice (Ealing).—"I'm sure I save a lot by making my own cigarettes." Won't your friends take one when you offer them round?

* * *

T. M. C. (Keighley).—"I'm trying to forget that there are such things as holidays." May we remind you of them yearly with a £25 cheque each August? We'll pay £500 for the privilege if you win that Holiday First on page 39.

S. P. P. (Wick).—"In our amateur theatricals I acted the part of a policeman who catches several burglars." We expect you gave an arresting performance.

SCOT (Aberdeen).—"I am of a saving nature, so I even walk to the railway station to save the 'bus fares!" Your shoe repairer congratulates you.

SHOPKEEPER (Yarmouth).—"A tradesman should always be on conversational terms with his customers." Except, of course, an undertaker.

HIKER (Weybridge).—"The light tent has solved the problem of putting up for the night." Now all that is wanted is something to solve the problem of putting up the tent.

T. H. (Turnberry).—"The pillion-seat of a motor-cycle is no bad kindergarten for the future girl motor-driver." She certainly learns the importance of the clutch.

* * *

E. L. (Lowestoft).—"My husband consumes my soups with keen delight." That is one way of explaining his gurgles.

* * *

LIBRARIAN (Glasgow).—"Few things infuriate me so much as those insects that burrow into my valuable volumes." Then they're not getting into your good books by getting into your good books?

W. M. (Leeds).—"Many public buildings in England are exactly copied in America." It is said that in an aristocratic film star suburb of Hollywood every other house has a Crystal Palace as a sunporch.

G. L. (Taunton).—"An electric fan now replaces towel-flapping between the rounds of a boxing contest." A further improvement would be an electrical device to give a sharp shock to a recumbent heavyweight just as the referee says "Nine!"

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Weak Kidneys

CAUSE UNTOLD AGONIES

Don't be a Too-old, Worn-out Man

Down-dragging weakness, constant dull pain in the back, bladder trouble, exhaustion, impure blood, uric acid pains, bad nights, feeling too-old, worn-out . . . something must be done quickly.

Weak kidneys are the real cause of these painful, crippling troubles. You want to get back manly vigour, the strength to enjoy your work and pleasures.

Well then, start with De Witts Kidney and Bladder Pills now. This famous remedy makes you feel fine and vigorous. It conquers weak back, tired-out, too-old feeling.

In 24 hours you see their quick, blood-purifying action. Persevere, and your body pains, your weakness will end. No more exhausted feeling. Others will envy your new-found health and strength.

You surely want to be pain-free, healthy and happy—well, get the remedy tried and trusted for 50 years and remember the name—

DE WITTS BRAND
Kidney and Bladder PILLS

Sold only in the blue, white and gold boxes, price 3/-. Larger, more economical size, 5/-

If you live in agony from piles, get MAN ZAN Brand Pile Remedy. Nothing so quickly ends the dreadful irritation, the weakening pain and banishes pile trouble for good. Get your supply of Man Zan in its easy, clean-to-use tube. Use it and be pile free and happy again. Man Zan costs but 3/- for the big supply.

Indigestion Sufferers Here is New Hope

How much longer are you going to neglect slight or serious symptoms of indigestion? We tell you and can prove that the truly wonderful new-principle remedy—De Witt's Antacid Powder for Indigestion—will most surely help you to end your trouble.

Every day more and more letters tell us that in cases of Sour Acid Stomach, Palpitation, Flatulence, Heartburn, Burning Griping Pains, this quick-action remedy is wonderful.

Where everything has failed, this new remedy has ended awful pain and built, once again, sound digestion. Stop your pain and danger now. Go to your chemist and get a supply of

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

FOR INDIGESTION 1/6

ECZEMA
RINGWORM
ERUPTIONS
PIMPLES
ULCERS

Use this Amazing Liquid Healer

This searching cure kills germs and draws out irritating impurities from the deepest layers of the skin. It starts the healing process at the very root of your complaint. A trial of D.D.D. Brand Prescription will prove a revelation to you. Get a 1/3 bottle from your Chemist to-day. Send a post card for free trial bottle to D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N.16, FLEET LANE, London, E.C.4.

D.D.D. STOPS THE TERRIBLE ITCHING INSTANTLY
PRESCRIPTION
SOOTHES AND HEALS

GRAVES NO. 1 CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 21 or 23in., Racing Hubs, quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Endrick Rims, Marsh Level grip adjust Handlebars, Racing Pedals, Caliper Rear Brake, Middlemore's Racing Saddle, 'Hold-all' Bag, Rear Reflector, & Accessories. Lady's or Gent's same price £4.10.0 or 6/- monthly. Catalogues Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD
6/- NOW
Supplied Maroon, Red, Blue or Black as desired.

Send For This
FREE CATALOGUE
Jay's Furnishing Stores offer readers of "John Bull" a Catalogue crammed full of bargains of their Spring furnishings, together with full details of their special easy payment terms. Simply send a postcard for a free copy. Address:—Jay's Furnishing Stores, Ltd., Dept. "John Bull," 248, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

Kill Kidney Trouble Quick

Thousands of sufferers from Kidney trouble and Bladder weakness have stopped Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Burning, Smarting, Acidity and Loss of Vigour by a Doctor's safe, pure prescription called Cystex Brand Tablets. Specially prepared to soothe, tone, clean and heal raw, sore Kidneys. In 15 minutes Cystex starts cleaning disease poisons from the blood. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Guaranteed to cure or money back. Only 3/- from Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and all chemists, or Williams, 81 R Lamb's Conduit-st., London, W.C.1.

★ Enter For This
FREE COMPETITION
£1,000 WORTH OF PRIZES!
Are you interested in Golf, Cricket, Gardening, Billiards, Fishing, Hiking, Photography, etc.? If so, turn to the "232" and SANDOM clothing announcement on page 29 and fill in the coupon for full particulars and free entry forms of a simple and novel competition in which valuable prizes are to be awarded free to "John Bull" readers.
FILL IN & POST THE FREE COUPON ON P. 29

FREE!
Fill in this COUPON for Free SAMPLES of POND'S *new* POWDER

READY NOW!
POND'S
***new* POWDER**
SPECIAL OFFER: Write your name and address on this coupon, attach a 1d. STAMP to one corner, and post in 1½d. sealed envelope to *Dept. 69, Pond's Extract Co. Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex*, and we will send you samples of all four shades of Pond's new Powder — Natural, Peach, Rachel 1 and Rachel 2.
Name _____
Address _____

A cross constipated child needs 'California Syrup of Figs'—the Safe Fruit Laxative.

MOTHER! No matter what ails your little one—be it a stuffy cold, sore throat, diarrhoea, or stomach-ache, the first treatment should always be a thorough internal cleansing.

Give a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' immediately. Children simply love its delicious flavour; its unfailing action is gentle and entirely natural. In a few hours the little system will be thoroughly cleared and you will once again have a healthy happy child.

A child will not take the time from play to empty the bowels and as a result develops a sluggish liver and disordered stomach. To remedy this and cleanse and regulate the child's whole system, doctors and nurses the world over recommend a regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs'—the Safe Fruit Laxative.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists, 1/3 & 2/6. Be sure to emphasize the word 'California' when buying, and no mistake will be made.

"California Syrup of Figs"
NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE

Relief from ASTHMA and Chronic Bronchitis
End those terrible, breathless spasms, sleepness nights of coughing, choking and wheezing as thousands have done. Take RAZ-MAH Capsules and get rid of strangling phlegm. No smokes, snuffs, or sprays. Get RAZ-MAH. Relief guaranteed from one 5/- box or 5/- refunded 3/- and 5/- boxes at chemists.
FREE Send for free sample to Gilmour Templeton Co., Ltd. (Dept C.4), 80, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.
"Your RAZ-MAH," writes Ernest A. Alderman, 79, Cranbury Road, Reading, "has changed my whole being. After 9 years of Bronchial Asthma I can do my work easily now."

FREE TO THE DEAF

NO WIRES NO BATTERIES
ABSOLUTELY INVISIBLE
Try the marvellous New Articulators. Fit right inside the ear. Complete in themselves. SEND NO MONEY. Send name and address for 3 days' free trial. Price, if kept, £2 2s. or instalments. D. & J. HILL, Ltd., Cone Dept., 245, Oxford St., W.1, or 431, Chester Rd., Manchester.

100 BIG "BULLETS" WINNERS can't be Wrong!

WHAT is it that makes JOHN BULL's Contests so different from all others? Apart from the huge offers and the unique organisation dealing with entries, there is a "little extra something" which makes *Bullets* something more than an ordinary Competition.

We refer to our free weekly *Bullets Buletin*, founded five years ago to help our competitors and to-day the guide, philosopher and friend which is showing scores of its readers the way to the prize-list.

The London ex-chauffeur now enjoying a Life Pension of £12 a week, the Dundee lorry-driver who secured the staggering sum of 5,000 Guineas—these and more than 100 other winners of big *Bullets* prizes have declared emphatically that they owe their huge successes largely to our free weekly help for keen "Bulleteers."

Off goes the weekly despatch of our free Bullets Bulletin—may we add your name to the circle of readers?

* * *

"I could not have won without *Bullets Bulletin*," is the message which comes from winner after winner—yet the great majority of JOHN BULL's readers have probably not yet seen a copy of this bright little weekly. Because it is free, they wonder if it can really be of value.

If you are amongst them, look over our shoulder and glance at this week's issue which was to-day on the breakfast table of all who had reserved a free copy.

Here you read how a Nottingham "Bulleteer" crowned years of plodding with a big success. You see a reproduction of the actual coupon he entered and learn exactly how he came to make up his winning effort.

To this and every issue the Competition Editor contributes his weekly chat and his hints and encouragement have led directly to a big prize for many competitors.

On another page a big winner tells you interesting details of how his prize-money has been used to good advantage—and another successful entrant gives you his recipe for success. A famous writer on Competitions analyses winners in a brilliant way which helps you to make good *Bullets* yourself. A valuable list of ideas which are constantly entered but are too old to score is also here.

Elsewhere in this issue is "The Verdict of the Court"—a series of definite hints to competitors who missed a place in the prize-list on this page. And there are other absorbing features also, making *Bullets Bulletin* worth ten times' its cost to you—the bare halfpenny postage weekly.

* * *

Exclusively in *Bullets Bulletin* you will find a fascinating "Football" Contest—a novel test of judging skill which not only improves your *Bullets* but may also put £50 in your pocket to pay for a wonderful holiday this year.

Over £800 has already been paid to winners in this non-stop Contest, which gives the thrill of football throughout the summer as well as in the winter months.

Ten minutes spent on completing the coupon provided will give you a flying start on your *Bullets* and provide this extra opportunity of a substantial success.

May we add your name to the circle of readers who enjoy each Thursday the constructive assistance of *Bullets Bulletin*? Since 100 big winners cannot be wrong, its columns may well give you just that hint you need to secure a place in our holiday prize-lists.

Your Reservation Coupon is on the opposite page. Post it off to-night and so secure, in twelve fascinating instalments, a 96-page guide to success which has helped to win comfort and independence for many of its readers.

In our issue dated May 12, 1934, a statement appeared that the average earnings of Mr. H. E. Twitchen, an employee of Messrs. Bonnett and Ford, High Wycombe, were rarely more than £2 15s. weekly.

We understand that Mr. Twitchen's average earnings have, in fact, considerably exceeded this amount. We gladly insert this correction and regret the misstatement.

OVER £1,300 CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK

FIRST PRIZE, £1,000—COMPETITION NO. 940
Mr. C. H. SIMMS, 47, De Beauvoir Road, Reading.
Example:—DEBTS
Bullet:—ENDLESS NOUGHTS—WORLD'S "CHAINS."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. H. PRITCHARD, 145, Longford Street, Warrington.
Example: A Day Out
Bullet: Returning Dusty, Minus "Cobwebs."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. H. G. STUBBS "Little Frenches," Bosley Farm Road, Christchurch, Hants
Example: Pair Of Fools
Bullet: Dunce—*And* Teacher Ridiculing.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

A. COOPER, 25, Colliers Lane, Wool, Dorset.
Tiny—Mound, Overshadows My "World."
Mrs. B. DAVIES, 4, Humphrey Street, Swansea.
In Full—*World's* "Paid"—Cancel Debts!
F. GARLAND, 89, Mortlake Road, Ilford.
Treat For The Village—Bridge—Now River Wanted!
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)
Mrs. M. GRAHAM, 73, London Road, Bromley, Kent.
Round The Camp Fire—Remember Heath Is, Campers'
W. HAMMOND, 95, Ramux Drive, Westcliff-on-Sea.
Jobs Are Scarce, So—Don't Give Boss "Opening."
W. J. MURCHE, 3, Henderson Road, S.W.
Pace That Kills — Some "Too Slow" Realising.
W. J. SHROLL, 47, Portland Street, Abertillery, Mon.
At The Top Of The Tree—Seldom Contentment's "Golden Apple."
A. E. WILLIAMS, 2, Smallbrook Road, Whitchurch, Salop.
Woman—Tender? So's This Bump!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
H. WINDLE, 165, Barden Lane, Burnley.
All Over The Place—Wife—Forgetting Wife's Place.
F. J. WINTER, Harrington Hotel, Middle Street, Brighton.
Fancies Herself—My Equal, My Goddess!

12 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

J. H. BEERS, 39, Serpentine Road, Antrim Road, Belfast.
Heir To A Million—Dodges Kidnappers—Then Marries!
Miss A. BRAWN, Vache Lane, Chalfont-St. Giles, Bucks.
Sweet Nothings—"Ice" Life's Plainest "Cakes."
E. COOKE, 158 Wellesley Road, Buckhaven, Fife.
Costs Nothing—What Could Save Everything.
H. COOPER, 16, Marlborough Road, Margate.
Out First Ball—Only One In Flannels!
A. W. DAVIS, 305, Newfoundland Road, Bristol.
Dangerous Driver—Or Job Often Unsafe.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
Mrs. E. FLOWER, "The Haven," Bulford Camp, Wilts.
Dangerous Driver—Fashion, When "Taking Curves."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
T. HALLETT, 23, Getley Street, Birkenhead.
Sweet Nothings—Shells, To Scientist's Latest!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
C. KEMP, 204, Taj Bank Road, Birmingham.
Heir To A Million—Refused—Couldn't Make Daisy-chain!
H. LEA, 241, Devizes Road, Salisbury.
Town v. Country—Satisfactory "Settlement," Garden City.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
H. PEMBERTON 22, Tunnel Street, Burnley.
Landlady's Bill—"Stinging" Reply To Poster.
A. UNDERWOOD 28, Tennyson Avenue, Southend-on-Sea
Over The Garden Wall—"Aren't Your Armaments Growing?"
Miss E. WILDEY, Broomfield House, 26, Lansdowne Place, Hove.
Men Of Steel—Don't "Snap"—"Spring Back."

Each of the above winners also receives the privilege of entering two free "Bullets" weekly for life, as do 25 £1 and 50 10s. winners. A list of these, together with 500 2s. 6d. winners, can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."
ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

"John Bull" Insurance Gift Registration Forms and the "John Bull" Pen Coupon appear this week on page 2.

CASH PRIZES VALUE OVER
£1,250
OPENING "BULLETS"
GIANT
2-in-1 HOLIDAY FIRST
£500 cash
AND
£25 HOLIDAY CHEQUE
YEARLY FOR LIFE
£750
HUGE HOLIDAY CAMPAIGN
49 OTHER BIG HOLIDAY PRIZES...
£50 £30 £20
£19 £18 £17 £16 £15 2 of £14
2 of £13 2 of £12 2 of £11 2 of £10 2 of £9 2 of £8
2 of £7 2 of £6 2 of £5 3 of £4 6 of £3 12 of £2.10
500 of 26 – 2,000 RED SEAL 'TARGETS' – 8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

Great Holiday Campaign Opens with 50 Big Cheques

THE greatest Holiday Prize Campaign in *Bullets* history begins this week with substantial Holiday Cheques for as many as *fifty* competitors!

To begin with, look at that huge First Prize—a bumper cheque for £500, augmented every August (commencing this year) by a further cheque for £25 to solve your holiday problems as long as you live.

Following this fine 2-in-1 First comes a magnificent array of 49 other graded Holiday cheques which sweeps aside all other offers in prize competitions to-day.

This splendid one-week offer winds up with 10,500 other prizes which must be won, and to each of the smaller awards an absorbing £50 attraction has been added by JOHN BULL.

Add up the cash and you will find that £1,250 is the enormous sum in holiday prize-money which is soon to be awarded in return for good *Bullets*.

THE WAY TO WIN

TO make a *Bullet*, read slowly through the list of *Examples* and jot down the rough, unpolished thoughts they suggest. Then you come to the next step—that of expressing these rough ideas neatly in TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment which link closely to the chosen *Example*.

For instance, against the *Example* RUSTY PLOUGH, your first thought might be, *What Government is using to-day*. Seeking better phrasing for that idea, a few minutes' more thought would soon bring you to the finished *Bullet*, RUSTY PLOUGH — GOVERNMENT'S — THROUGH "PLOUGHING BANDS."

To guide you further before starting on your efforts, study this week's winners on the opposite page.

Having studied these efforts closely, you will be just in the mood to make up a winner yourself. Settle down to a quiet half-hour with the *Examples* this evening and see that your entry is received by Saturday, June 30.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

ROAD TO RECOVERY
LOOKING BRIGHTER
GOOD FOR THE COUNTRY
MANKIND'S STORY
UNTOLD
RUSTY PLOUGH
MADE THE FOREIGNER SMILE
RIGHT TO LIVE
POOR PEOPLE
DRUDGERY
GOLDEN AGE
AS IT SHOULD BE
SENSIBLE GIRL
TRUMP CARD
THE LION'S SHARE
PROMISES
OUT CAME THE MOON AND
STOUT FELLOW
SPEECHLESS
LOVELESS MARRIAGE
SEEMS A LIFETIME
RUNNING RISKS
WORRIES WIFEY
CAUSE OF THE COLLISION
BUNDLE OF MISCHIEF
NOW HE'S GETTING ON
OVERWORKED
SAVING MONEY
BRUTE FORCE
SURPRISED HER
DRIFTING APART
SHOWS HE'S A PAL
WHY SHE LOST
LURKING IN THE SHADOWS
WHAT MOTHER MADE
MAKES MY MOUTH WATER

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(943) Closing SAT., June 30 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(943) Closing SAT., June 30 — P.O No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Signed _____ Address _____

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(943) Closing SAT., June 30 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(943) Closing SAT., June 30 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Signed _____ Address _____

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(943) Closing SAT., June 30 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 943, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* which will also introduce you to a thrilling new £50-a-week *Bullets* Football Contest.

Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(*Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.*)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

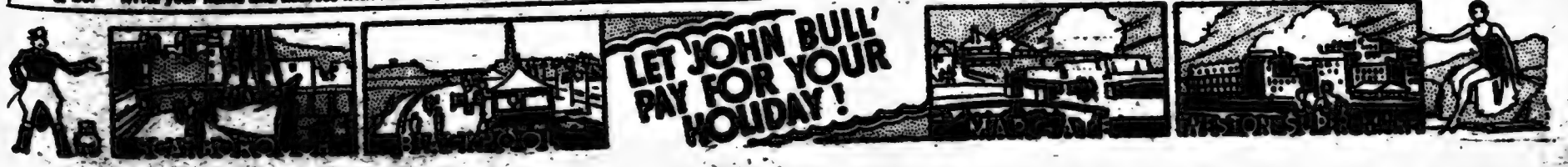
2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £750 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 939 will be displayed in the window of Mr. T. E. Porter, 21a, Northwold Road, Stoke Newington, N.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 943 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.



SELOchrome roll films

2d. CHEAPER in all popular sizes. BRITISH MADE by Ilford Limited

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

PENSION AND £600 CASH WON OUTRIGHT

Result of Crossword Competition No. 262.

The only correct solution to the above Competition was received from :—

Mrs. COOK, 20, Colne Road, Earby, nr. Colne,

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive £6 a month for life and £600, or one lump sum of £550.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, July 3rd, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 27 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £3 14s. 1d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

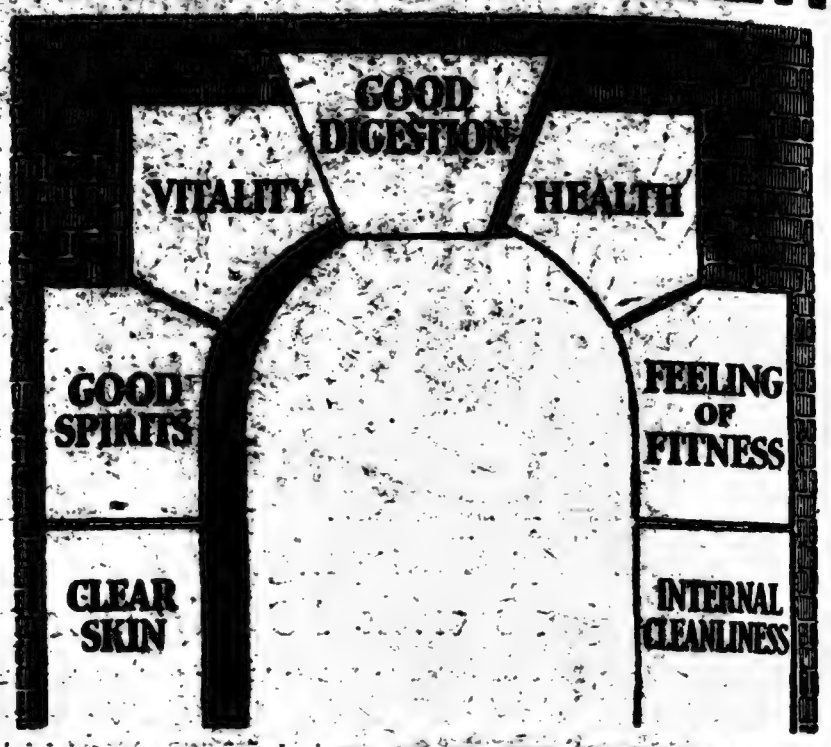
An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

In addition to the above cash awards, each of the competitors sharing the Runners-up Prize will receive a Bonus Award value £2—a Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries for our contest.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 260 : Eighty-five competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of £1 2s. 7d. have been despatched.

Another splendid Crossword with a first prize of a Life Pension of £5 a month and £300 Cash, together with increased prizes for Runners-up, appears on Page 36. Try your skill now!

THE KEYSTONE OF HEALTH



is GOOD DIGESTION

You cannot have a good digestion unless your digestive organs are in good working order.

The best diet cannot give perfect health if it is not properly digested and absorbed, and if the waste products are not efficiently removed. The digestive juices should perform these tasks. If they fail, the food lies stagnant in the Stomach and intestines, and gives rise to the misery of Indigestion and ill-health.

Have you any of these symptoms—Acidity, Flatulence, Heartburn, Pain in the Stomach, Sickness, Biliousness, Headache, Coated Tongue, Bad Complexion, Constipation? If so,

YOU NEED CICFA

BRAND TABLETS

Alkalis and purgatives will not cure these troubles, they only give temporary relief. You must "set your house in order" from the foundation upwards. Supply the lacking digestive juices and the whole system will readjust itself!

Do this by taking "Cicfa" at once, even though all other remedies may have failed. "CICFA" IS DIFFERENT. It contains all the necessary digestive ferments, prepared and combined so that they act just when and where they are needed to restore the whole tract to its normal state. When "Cicfa" is taken, the food is properly digested, the nourishment absorbed, gas-fermentation is prevented. *Constipation disappears and with it all the troubles caused by self-poisoning*, the blood is purified, the skin becomes clear, and you both look and feel a healthy human being once more.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT CICFA BRAND TABLETS

Hundreds of doctors have testified to the good effects of "Cicfa." Try it for yourself, and experience the joy of living in perfect health.

No proprietary rights are claimed in the method of manufacture of this preparation.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, PRICE 1/3 and 3/- or post free from

THE CICFA CO., Ltd., 8 Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.1

109 B62

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A81

JOHN BULL'S

25/-

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION GIFT

Free

for every Reader

NOW TURN TO NEXT PAGE

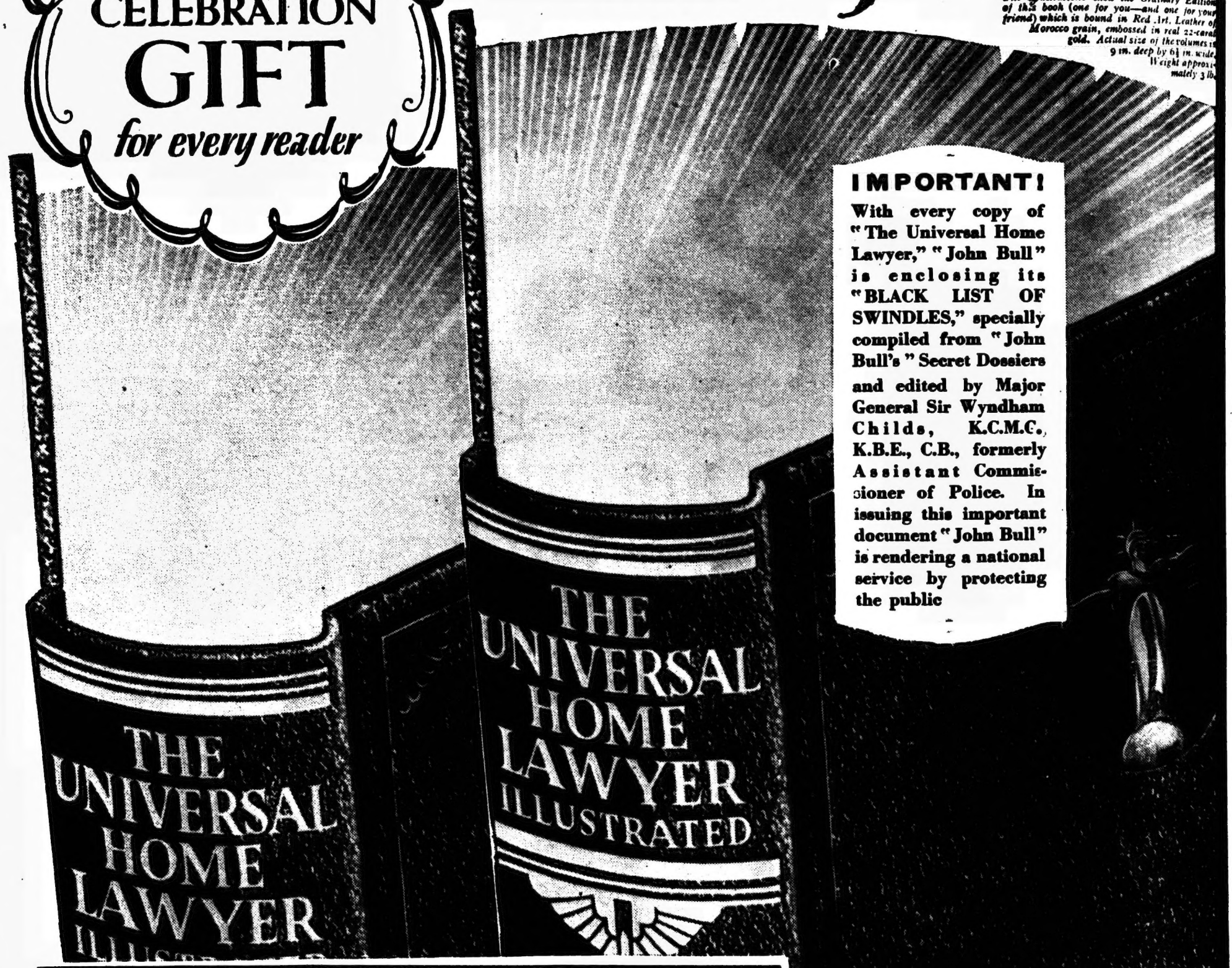
PLEASE TEAR OUT

The UNIVERSAL

One for you and one for your friend

JOHN BULL'S
25/-
BIRTHDAY
CELEBRATION
GIFT
for every reader

The illustrations show the Ordinary Edition of the book (one for you—and one for your friend) which is bound in Red Art Leather of Morocco grain, embossed in real 22-carat gold. Actual size of the volumes is 9 in. deep by 6¼ in. wide. Weight approximately 3 lbs.



IMPORTANT!

With every copy of "The Universal Home Lawyer," "John Bull" is enclosing its "BLACK LIST OF SWINDLES," specially compiled from "John Bull's" Secret Dossiers and edited by Major General Sir Wyndham Childs, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B., formerly Assistant Commissioner of Police. In issuing this important document "John Bull" is rendering a national service by protecting the public

HOW TO QUALIFY

It is important that the Rules below should be read by both the "John Bull" reader and the friend who is introduced.

The object of this scheme is to obtain bona-fide new readers for "John Bull." If it should be found, upon verification, that any person introduced as a new reader is already a reader, both applicants will be disqualified. A new reader shall be held to be a person who has NOT purchased "John Bull" for the past three months.

"The Universal Home Lawyer Illustrated" will NOT be awarded unless applied for on an Official Voucher. Vouchers are sent to approved applicants (one for you and one for your friend) upon receipt of the Reservation Forms and Label.

Each applicant must complete his or her own Voucher by affixing to it thirteen consecutively numbered tokens cut from 13 successive current weekly issues of "John Bull." Tokens eligible for this offer are Series "B" and they appear every week only in the LEFT-HAND bottom corner of the back cover of "John Bull." Applicants may start with Token No. "B 62" from this week's issue but no tokens prior to "B 62" and no other series of tokens will be accepted under this scheme.

When the two Vouchers are completed—that is, AFTER the 13 weeks and NOT before—they **must** be sent in together to "John Bull" by the "John Bull" reader. Gift Volumes cannot be awarded in respect of Vouchers sent in separately. **Each** completed Voucher—your own **and** your friend's—must be accompanied by a Postal Order for 1/- (One Shilling), to cover the cost of carriage, packing, insurance, etc., on the volumes, which are despatched separately to your respective addresses.

There is nothing more to pay. This offer is limited to the first 100,000 applicants.

No person may qualify for more than one Gift Volume and no Volume will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

Each applicant who is qualifying for "The Universal Home Lawyer Illustrated" must see that his or her newsagent holds a written order for the regular and uninterrupted delivery of "John Bull."

Copies of "John Bull" must be paid for in the ordinary way. This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State.

N.B.—Applicants from the Irish Free State will be required to pay any duty that may be chargeable.

AL HOME LAWYER

FREE!

The most valuable family reference work in the world—the greatest practical guardian of your personal interests ever compiled—"John Bull's finest Gift to its readers—that in a nutshell is THE UNIVERSAL HOME LAWYER Illustrated—the stupendous new work which "John Bull" this week, to celebrate its twenty-eighth Birthday, asks every one of its readers to accept FREE.

Here is a work which, in the ordinary way would cost at least 25/-. Actually it is a treasure beyond price—a book that will save thousands upon thousands of pounds for our readers. It has been specially compiled and edited by eminent legal authorities and is being produced exclusively for "John Bull" readers. From cover to cover it is entirely new, absolutely up-to-date—the very last word on every man's everyday legal problems. It contains over 800 pages and well over 600,000 words, and is alphabetically arranged. Every sentence, every point, is set down clearly, unmistakably, in simple non-technical language that all can understand. It is definitely a book for the people—written for the people.

So valuable is this work—so essential to every home—that "John Bull" offers a copy Free NOT ONLY TO YOU BUT ONE TO YOUR FRIEND AS WELL.

Why has "John Bull" chosen this work for its Birthday Gift to its readers? Because it is as essential to the comfort and protection of a family as the very walls within which they live. It is the pride of "John Bull" readers not to be fooled—to know exactly what their rights are, as citizens—and this book, more than any other, tells them exactly where they stand.

Hardly a day passes without you need this "Lawyer." There's no telling the countless ways in which it can help you—an infallible friend and counsellor in the thousand-and-one problems that arise in life. It will protect you from wrongs, secure your rights, take many loads off your mind and keep your money in your pocket.

READ this list of *just a few* of the questions answered in t' is work—how often have you been worried by not knowing the real legal facts. How often have you lost hard cash through not knowing what to do?

What can you do if a person trespasses upon your garden or in your house?
What repairs is a tenant liable for and when is a landlord not liable for repairs?
When is a man compelled to support his mother-in-law?
Who can witness a will?
What are the pitfalls of hire purchase to avoid?
What may you do if your neighbour's branches or roots extend into your garden?
How does a slate club work? How do you claim benefits?
To what extent is a dog owner liable for injuries caused by his dog?
When can you recover compensation as a result of an accident at work?
To what Income Tax reliefs are you entitled?
What is a wife entitled to at husband's death?
What is the penalty for betting or wagering in a street, road or highway?
What can you do if your neighbour is noisy?
What is the law affecting pillion-riding?
What are sub-letting restrictions?
What is the effect of failing to affix a 2d. stamp to a receipt for £2 or more?
What does the law consider a wife's property?
When cannot a claim for "benefit" by a member of a trade union be enforced at law?
When is a husband not responsible for wife's debts?
How can elderly poor people obtain relief?
When, cannot Divorce be obtained?
When cannot arrest for assault be made?
When can you make an arrest?
What is the difference between libel and slander?
When can an arrested person be "bailed out"?
Are wedding presents given to a woman on her marriage her own property?
What can you do in the event of libel, slander, nuisances, negligence, injury to person or property?
When can a Public House be closed by the Police during hours?
What are a doctor's privileges?
When cannot a wife take criminal proceedings against her husband?
When can payment of rates be remitted?
What is the penalty for organising a lottery?
When can the law close your house?
When cannot a landlord distrain for rent?
When can you sue a doctor for damages?
What is the penalty for placing rubbish in the road?
What do you do to cancel a will?
Who can claim compensation from an employer?
What is Personal Property?

These questions are typical of the thousands answered by this book. Be sure to turn overleaf and read the absorbing list of some of the main subjects dealt with in this work.

A unique feature of this work is its special supplements, including articles on Divorce; Gambling; Income Tax; Police Procedure—by Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B., formerly Assistant Commissioner of Police; Road Traffic, by the Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, Chairman of London County Council, etc.

The value of this work is enormously enhanced by the inclusion of over 100 illustrations, including Forms of Agreement, wills, cheques, contracts, etc.

The BOOK ITSELF is printed from brand-new type, on high quality, opaque ivory-finish paper. It is superbly bound in rich Red Morocco-grained Art. Leather, embossed in *real* 22-*carat* gold. There is a decorative design on the front and it has a burnished dustproof top. The actual size of the volume is 9 in. deep by 6½ in. wide, weight approximately 3 lb.—a large-size work, yet compact and easy to handle.

WHAT YOU DO NOW. To qualify for a Gift volume you are asked by "John Bull" to introduce one friend only who is NOT already a reader. All that your friend has to do is to give "John Bull" a trial for thirteen weeks. In return, we present **both to you and to your friend** a "Universal Home Lawyer Illustrated" FREE. The only other thing to do is to make certain the friend you introduce is a genuine new reader, i.e., has NOT purchased "John Bull" for the last three months.

So great is our confidence in "John Bull" that we believe that those who, in the first place, are induced by our great offer to give "John Bull" a trial, will continue thereafter as regular readers. As proof that both you and your friend have purchased "John Bull" for thirteen weeks, you are **each** asked to cut out and affix thirteen consecutive tokens from thirteen successive issues of "John Bull" to the Gift Vouchers which will be sent to you upon receipt of the Forms below. Directly your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers are received by "John Bull" properly completed, you will **each** have despatched to you a "Universal Home Lawyer." **That is all. There is no "catch."** There are no hidden conditions. There is nothing more to do. There is nothing more for you and your friend to pay other than the shilling each, to cover carriage, packing in carton, insurance, etc.

ACT NOW. First read the simple "How to qualify" directions on the opposite page. Then take the first step towards securing your Gift Volume by getting the Reservation Forms below filled in and posted to "John Bull" to-day.

On receipt of the Forms below, properly completed, "John Bull" will send you two Gift Vouchers on which both you and your friend may qualify. At the same time, two Gift Volumes will be specially reserved—one in your own name and the other in the name of your friend. **Apply at once on forms below.**

IMPORTANT! Do not separate the forms below—post in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. You MUST affix a halfpenny stamp to the label. Write clearly in BLOCK letters.

CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE

Halfpenny stamp MUST be firmly affixed here by you

Name.....

Full Postal Address.....

.....

.....

YOU FILL IN THIS FORM

Applications from this announcement must be received by NOT LATER than Saturday, JULY 7.

YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM

RESERVATION FORM "A."

To be filled in by reader of "John Bull" who is introducing NEW READER.

The "John Bull" reader MUST complete label on left. Affix halfpenny stamp firmly to space provided—send in label with these Forms—give YOUR name and full postal address in block letters.

To Dept. J.B.1, "JOHN BULL,"
3, Arne Street, London, W.C.2.

In accordance with your special offer, please reserve "The Universal Home Lawyer Illustrated" in my name in return for my introducing a friend as a new reader. My friend has **personally** signed Form "B" and undertakes to give "John Bull" a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks.

I have read and agree to abide by the rules governing this offer.

I certify that my friend is NOT at present a reader of "John Bull."

Please send me an Official Voucher on which to qualify for my Gift Volume together with a similar Voucher for me to hand on to my friend.

"John Bull" Reader's Signature.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY BELOW IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Date.....

Give below Name and Address of Newsagent holding your Order for the regular delivery of "John Bull."

LEAVE BLANK CHECKED

District Supervisor.

Newsagent's Name.....

Address.....

.....

RESERVATION FORM "B."

This Form "B" **MUST** be filled in and signed **PERSONALLY** by the NEW READER—NOT by the "John Bull" reader.

Your special Gift offer was introduced by the "John Bull" reader who has filled in the Form "A." **I certify that I am NOT a reader of "John Bull" and that I have NOT purchased "John Bull" for the past three months.** I undertake to give "John Bull" a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve "The Universal Home Lawyer Illustrated" in my name. Also please send me (through my friend) an Official Voucher on which to qualify. I have read and agree to abide by the rules governing this offer.

New Reader's Signature.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY BELOW IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Date.....

Give below Name and Address of your Newsagent to whom you have given or will give an order for the regular delivery of "John Bull."

LEAVE BLANK CHECKED

District Supervisor.

Newsagent's Name.....

Address.....

.....

"John Bull," 23/6/34

JOHN BULL'S

25/-

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION GIFT

FREE

for every Reader

INSIDE this special supplement " John Bull " gives full particulars of the wonderful FREE Birthday Celebration Gift which it is offering to every one of its readers in order to celebrate its twenty-eighth Birthday. This Gift, which has been specially produced for the occasion, is entirely exclusive to " John Bull " and is nowhere else available. It is " The Universal Home Lawyer Illustrated," an entirely new, up-to-the-minute work that is second to none in its everyday practical value—a first edition work that is well worth every penny of 25/-. Magnificently produced and lavishly illustrated, it contains over 800 pages crammed with thousands of facts that vitally concern your family, your personal interests and possessions.

Specially compiled by eminent authorities, " The Universal Home Lawyer Illustrated " is a work that no responsible person, no parent or household can possibly afford to be without.

Make certain of your volume now by getting the special Application Forms inside filled in and posted at once.

Read through this list of *just a few* of the more than 1,200 subjects dealt with in this indispensable Volume. Here in this book you will find the *right* answers to all of the problems and difficulties that can beset the average man and his home.

Husband and Wife—marriage contracts, rights of both to property, custody and control of children, separation, desertion, maintenance, divorce, etc.

Landlord's Rights and Liabilities—landlord's liability for rates ; repairs, agreements, leases, notices to quit, security for rent, recovery of arrears, eviction, rebuilding after fire, houses let in flats, etc.

Tenant's Rights and Liabilities—tenant's liability for rates ; taxes, leases, rents, quitting without notice, sub-tenants, repairs, allotments, etc.

Building and Friendly Societies—house purchase, mortgages, loans, deeds, leases, slate clubs, legal costs, agreements, interest, etc.

Hire-Purchase Pitfalls—what to look for before signing a contract.

How to Make and Prove a Will—reproductions of documents ; witnesses, executors, trustees, what a wife secures when the husband dies.

Income Tax—allowances, how to appeal against assessments, rates of tax payable, married women, husband and wife, relief in respect of life assurance premiums, tax on voluntary pensions, tax repayment, claims, etc.

Schools—parents' responsibility for children's education, vaccination, etc.

Employers and Employees—wrongful dismissal, apprenticeship, trade unions, strikes, arbitration, picketing, workmen's compensation, restriction of employers' liability, etc.

Appeals against and recovery of Rates.

Unemployment and National Health Insurances—rights and restrictions.

Public Health—unwholesome food, sanitation, public right to water supply, penalties for wasting or misusing water or permitting cisterns to be out of repair, etc.

How to Secure and Maintain Your Personal Rights—the law affecting personal property, personal assault, rights of self-defence, proceedings.

Money and Dealings with Money—payments in discharge of debt, result of refusal, money wrongly paid or extorted, legal tender, sending remittances by post, money-lending, etc. Pawnbroking—damage to pledge by fire, loss of pawnticket, rates of interest on loans, etc.

Debts—judgment summonses, writs, what to do in a County Court, Poor Persons Act, how persons of small means can secure legal assistance free, etc.

How to take action for recovery of goods illegally detained.

You and the Police—how to bail a person out of prison, etc.

Libel and Slander—what are libels, privilege, defence, etc.

Road Traffic Act—rights of motorists, licences, physical fitness, penalties, accidents, third party insurance, etc.

Accidents—on railways, to spectators at races, exhibitions, etc., injuries to children.

Law for Hikers and Campers—camping grounds, rights of way, trespassing, what to avoid.

How to Register a Birth or a Death.

How to Recover Stolen or Lost Property.

Offences against Morality or Decency.

Wagers, Bets, Lotteries and Sweepstakes—rights and penalties.

Law affecting every Profession and Trade.

Various forms of Compensation obtainable by law.

House-breaking and Burglary.

Aviation regulations.

Legal Protection for Animals and Birds—responsibilities of owners, penalties, cruelty, etc.

RESERVE YOUR COPY AT ONCE ON FORMS INSIDE